The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TO A ROCKY MOUNTAIN FLOWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY MRS. M. E. CLARKE.

In that far upper realm, where thou hadst birth,
Above the moil and dust of striving earth,
What dreams were thine, as on thy storm-rocked stem
The wild breeze kissed thy golden diadem
And whispered thee of valleys sweet and low,
Or thrilled thee with a breath of Alpine snow?
Tell me, thou child of grandeur and of power—
The whole world at thy feet—
Thou "Rocky Mountain flower."

Around thine eyrie glowed the morn's first light,
And, crowned with glory, fell the matchless night.
From far Sierras, clouded o'er with bloom,
Or o'er the giant woods' long-waving dome,
Or like a freed thing o'er the shimmering sea,
Breathing anon Boccacio's tales to thee,
The summer wind climbed to thy cloud-capped tower,
Burdened with far-sought sweets,
Thou "Rocky Mountain flower."

When daylight waned in bursts of oriflame,
And the mad thunder shook those peaks again,
Where, crash on crash, the echoing crags replied,
And, strong in wrath, lightning and storm defied;
Like some fair soul of peace, thou mountain child,
Methinks thine eye through the black midnight smiled
As undismayed thou felt the tempest's power,
Emblem of trusting faith,
Thou "Rocky Mountain flower."

Swayed by the aura of thy soul of bloom,
I soar o'er heights where thou didst have thy home,
And in their shadow, where the loud winds rave,
I seek, and find, a brother's nameless grave:
No kindred foot hath pressed the hallowed earth;
Only the wild-flowers weep upon the turf.
Thou cam'st a golden gleam in life's dark hour,
Making his memory bright,
Thou "Rocky Mountain flower."

Sigourney, Ia.

A JAPANESE HOUSE OF THE BETTER CLASS.

The houses of the Japanese are as singular as the people themselves. They consist of a house within a house.

And first, as to the outer house. Of the better classes, the houses are of stone, or are constructed of a frame-work of bamboo, or lath, covered with tenacious mud; this, being covered with a coat of plaster, is either painted or becomes bleached by exposure. Mouldings are often arranged in diagonal lines over the surface of the building, and these being painted white, and contrasting with the dark ground behind, give the houses a curious piebald look. The roofs are often of tiles, colored alternately black and white, the eaves being extended low down in front of the walls, so as to protect the inmates from the sun, and the oiled paper windows from the effects of the rain. There are, besides, moveable shutters, which by night are fastened to the posts which support the verandahs.

The inner house is a large frame-work raised two feet above the ground, and divided into several compartments by means of sliding panels. The raised floor, which extends over the whole area of the house, is covered with white mats, made soft and thick by being lined at the bottom with straw. These are very neatly woven and bound with cloth, and are all of the uniform size prescribed by law, being three feet by six, and placed in rows upon the floor so neatly as to have the appearance of one piece. Upon these mats the people sit to take their meals, to converse with their friends, and lie down at night to sleep, having then a quilted mat for a cover, and a hard box for a pillow.

A FAMILY-FAILING.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON," "BETWEEN TWO," &C.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Cecil arrived about a week before Christmas, looking as if he had just stepped in upon us from the Boulevards, being dressed in the extreme of the fashion, with the newest and most elegant bijouterie, and without the slightest tinge of the tan of his wild Arab campaign on his pale, handsome face. His valet said afterwards, that he had had it removed in Paris. Neither had his free life in the Desert, left any apparent trace on his manner, which was as calmly elegant as before. In fact, but for the slight shadowing of his upper-lip, he was, in every respect, the same Cecil who had left us four months before. In every respect, but one—he took no notice of *me*, whatever. Now he had been quite attentive, when it is taken into consideration that he was a young man, and I only a little girl—and the change was quite mortifying. He had even forgotten my name; and when he first met me said—

"Oh! this is the little girl grandmother was so kind to! Mercy—isn't it?"

"Percy," I said.

"I remember it was some odd name. I say, Ferd, if we are to carry out the conditions of the will, we must give the echoes some employment these coming holidays."

Ferd shook his head.

"I don't like to do anything until we have heard from Rupert."

"I don't see any prospect of hearing from him before next year, which is close at hand, you know; and I can assure you, this is dull, after Paris, and my friends the Bedouins."

"It is only three months since—"

"Yes; but the will! If any one leaves me property, I am willing to fulfil the conditions which secure it—especially when they coincide with my wishes."

"It doesn't seem exactly the thing, now."

"You are too English. In Paris, we bury a man in the morning, and have a nice little dinner-party in the evening, with closed shutters, of course. Drown our grief in champagne, and entomb it in salmi or paté, which are afterwards entombed in ourselves, so, in fact, we take the memory of our friends into our stomachs, which, as every one knows are in the region of the heart."

"*Have* you a heart?" said Ferd.

"That question is personal, and the answer requires some deliberation."

"I thought you had better find out beforehand—as Ruth is coming here."

"Is she?" said Cecil, glancing through the window.

"To spend the holidays," added Ferd, laughing.

"Oh!"

"You are cool!"

"The probable result of the weather."

"Cecil, what are you going to do about Ruth?"

"Really, my dear fellow, she is none of my affair. She does not come in with the property, I believe?"

"Perhaps he has forgotten who she is," said I, from my corner, where I sat in the window-seat, half-hidden by the falling curtains.

Cecil turned his head and looked at me, as my small, wrathful face emerged from the crimson shadow of the curtains.

"You forgot *me*, you know?"

"I think I shall remember you, hereafter, as a very impertinent little girl."

"Once you did not think me impertinent!"

"Perhaps you had better manners, then."

"No; but you thought grandmamma would leave me some money."

This was a bold hazard of mine, but the change in his manner had stung me to the quick, and I had always been in the habit of putting this and that together, and forming my own conclusions.

"If you are so saucy, little girl, I shall not allow you to stay in my house."

"Oh! Cecil!" said Ferd, reproachfully.

And, having stood for an instant speechless, I struck my hands together, in a very ecstacy of passion, and rushed from the room.

Ferd followed me, and found me standing in the middle of the floor, clenching my hands to keep from crying. As he came in, I ran up to him.

"Have I no right to stay here?" I asked, almost breathlessly.

"Every right. You are part of dear grandmother's legacy."

"Then Cecil cannot send me away?"

"No, I have an equal right with him—and I choose you to stay."

I began to sob.

'And—I once so—loved Cecil! Now, I hate him."

"Oh, no! Percy!"

"Yes, I hate him—I *hate* him!" I stamped my foot on the floor. "If ever I have a chance—"

"Hush! Percy. Forgive your enemies."

"I will never forgive *him*—never."

"Percy, if you do not forgive, you will not be forgiven."

"I have done nothing naughty—so I don't need it."

"My dear child, the best of us are too bad! But wipe your eyes, and come and walk with me on the terrace."

But the walk upon the terrace did not soothe me—not even the sight of the peacock, whose "splendid eyes" seemed to look insultingly upon my woe. But the air was keen, and I was feeling it toss my hair and freshen my cheeks, with some pleasure, when we passed by the windows of the room we had just quitted; and I saw, as in a tableau vivant, Ruth standing by the door, her hand upon the handle, having just entered—and Cecil leaning forward, one hand on the arm of his chair, the other holding an unlighted cigar. We saw Cecil rise slowly, and approach Ruth, who met him with her usual indolent grace and a certain reserve that had not always characterized her intercourse with Cecil. I saw no more, for Ferd hurried me by, but when we went into the house we found them both, tete-a-tete, earnestly discussing plans for the holidays. As we went into the room, Ruth was saying—

"Well, what shall it be—a drama, an opera, or a masquerade?"

"Let it be something original, comprising all these," said Ferd.

"How could that be?" asked Cecil.

"I mean something of our own composition. Ruth can contribute the music and poetry. I will do the burlesque, and you can put in the dramatic touches."

Ruth lightly struck her palms together.

"I like that," said she.

"Cecil having been in the East, must have brought home some dramatic 'properties' of which we can make use," Ferd continued.

"I have two or three complete Turkish costumes," said Cecil; "the dress of an Arab Sheik, a yataghan, and pipes ad libitum."

"Oh! if Rupert were only here!" said Ferd. "He would paint our scenery, and arrange everything so capitally."

"We can easily *hire* our scenery," said Cecil. "And Rupert is so—obstinate."

"A family-failing," laughed Ferd. "A Rupell always accomplishes that which he desires. Obstacles become straws in his path."

"I like that very well, unless *I* happen to be the obstacle," said Cecil.

"I do believe you don't *want* Rupert," burst out Ferd, impatiently.

"That's absurd," said Cecil, quietly.

That very day a letter came from Rupert, dated at Paris. He wrote in very good spirits, but seemed troubled by one circumstance. He had met Cecil on the Boulevards one day, and he had passed him without the slightest sign of recognition. He had concluded himself mistaken, but chancing to cross his path again, the resemblance was so remarkable that he had then resolved to follow him. He had done so, and seeing him enter a house, made inquiries of the concierge, who informed him that an Englishman, Monsieur Carmang, had his residence there, for the present. The next morning he had called, but the Englishman had vanished, no one knew whither. "Can I be so much changed that Cecil should assume me to be an utter stranger?" was the conclusion of the letter.

Ferd read this letter aloud to Aunt Julia and Ruth, the former of whom thought the circumstance very singular, while the latter observed that Cecil was very absent-minded. Ferd shook his head over the letter. "It is very singular—but I will write to Rupert, now I have his address, and we shall have him here in about ten days."

XX.

(*Interpolated in Persephone's Narrative.*)

RUTH IS NAPOLEONIC.

"I'm afraid Ferd has been making trouble for you." It was Ruth who spoke, standing on the threshold of the smoking-room, holding the door partly closed behind her. Cecil looked up quickly.

"How?" said he.

"A letter came from Rupert to-day."

"A letter—from—Rupert?"

"Yes; he spoke of meeting you on the Boulevards, and your ignoring him."

"I! When?"

"Lately!"

"When I have spent much more money than I could afford in searching for him!"

"That is what he wrote—and Ferd. You remember what Ferd said?"

"What was it?"

"That he didn't believe you wanted Rupert?"

"That's nonsense, of course."

"Of course. But Ferd may think otherwise, and may have so informed Rupert."

"Has he written?"

"Yes; here is the letter."

"The letter!"

"I have brought you the possible firebrand that you may put it out."

"But I do not know what has been written."

"You can judge from what I have told you."

"But this letter?"

"Read it—or—burn it unread."

"Ruth!"

"I am not afraid. I will do it."

She ignited the letter at Cecil's cigar, let it flame up in her fingers, and fall to the floor a few charred fragments.

"What *have* you done?"

"What I have done I have done as I would do greater things—for your sake—or—for my own. Rupert imagines he has a claim upon me."

"Indeed!" said Cecil.

"If he comes he will wish to enforce it."

"So you wish him to stay away?"

"Don't you?"

"I? Oh! as far as I am concerned—"

Ruth made a step towards him.

"Don't say that it is a matter of indifference to you."

"It certainly is. But your secret is safe with me."

Ruth half-turned from him, and made a gesture as if wringing her hands.

"Don't be tragic, Ruth. You are impetuous, and I know how to make allowances."

"You know that I did that for *you*."

"For *me*? Oh, no!"

Ruth turned her back upon him.

"Oh! you incomprehensible being!" sighed Cecil.

"If I am incomprehensible what are you?"

"Your cousin who loves you," said Cecil, possessing himself of the small hand nearest him, and kissing it lightly. Ruth let her hand remain in his, and looked down at him questionably. He said—"By-the-way give me your opinion on this act of our burlesque. I scratched it off a little while ago."

Ferd's criticism of Cecil's effort was unfavorable. He called it labored. For a week the heads of the young people were pretty constantly together. There was a great turning over of music-books, banging of the piano, scratching of pens, and practising of voices. Then the burlesque was announced to be complete. Only four actors were required, but they must all be singers—for the burlesque was operatic, and was entitled—Otello; or, The Wipe of Woe. Ferd was the basso, Cecil the tenor, Ruth soprano, and the fourth must be a contralto. There did not happen to be a good, available voice of that description in the neighborhood. There were good voices, but the owners would be incapable of the necessary acting.

"I think I know of some one who would do—exactly," said Cecil, after Ruth and Ferd had discussed the point eagerly for half an hour. Cecil was stretched on a lounge by the window, a book in one hand, the other thrown carelessly over his head.

"Who is it?" asked Ruth, and Ferd said, "Provoking fellow? why couldn't you have told us before?"

"I didn't think of her until this minute," said Cecil, lazily.

"Don't keep us in suspense, then!" said Ruth—while Ferd earnestly adjured him to "spit it out."

"Her name is—queer, isn't it?—her name is—Cecil."

"Any relation of ours—of yours, I mean?" asked Ferd.

"That's her Christian name. I don't know as she has any other. Do governesses usually have surnames?"

"Don't be a snob!" said Ferd.

"I only 'asked for information.' I never had one, and am not acquainted with the habits of the animal."

"Whose governess is she?" asked Ruth.

"The little Milners. They make a good deal of her—the family do, I mean—have her in, in the evening—"

"To sing for their visitors, I suppose?"

"Yes, that must be it. It takes a woman to discover reasons."

"And she really has a fine voice?"

"Superb. Like an organ."

"Is she—nice looking?"

"Rather of the ponderous order, but might look well by lamp-light. What made me think of her is that Lou Milner said she was on the stage once. Invalid mother, large number of little brothers and sisters, etc. I suppose the governess-ordeal has purified her from that by this time."

"We *do need* her," said Ruth; "and if the Milners—"

"The Milners wouldn't object. They seem to wish to push her forward."

"If she wouldn't trouble us afterwards?"

"She never says anything, and sits in a corner when she isn't playing or singing."

"Very well then, Cecil, suppose you speak to the Milners."

"At your service. Would you like her as soon as possible?"

"Immediately. You know she will have to rehearse it as something entirely new, while we are already familiar with it."

"Being a singer she may be acquainted with some of the airs."

"Possibly. Do go as soon as you can. I'm afraid we shan't be able to secure her."

"Not much danger of that. It will be quite a change from 'teaching the young idea, etc.'"

About an hour afterward, Ruth, running down the stairs, met Cecil coming up.

"Not gone yet!" she said.

"Hush! she is in there."

"Who?"

"Miss Cray. Her name is Cecil Cray."

"It's all right, then? Come in and introduce me."

She led the way into the room. Miss Cray rose from her seat by the window as she entered. Ruth thought herself tall, but Miss Cray was much taller. A large woman, with magnificently developed shoulders and bust, with large, soft brown eyes, and a mouth whose lips were full and the color of coral; and waving over her forehead, and curving in masses around her cheeks, and pouring in marvellous luxuriance over her superb shoulders, was the wonderful golden-red hair, which, whether colored by art or nature we do not know, adorns the graceful head of the portrait commonly called "Titian's Duchess."

"Miss Cray, Miss Rupell," said Cecil's well-modulated voice, and Ruth, drawing up her slender neck, was for once in her life haughtily unbending and ungraceful, as Miss Cray responded to the introduction in a manner that would not have disgraced an empress.

"Ruth, Miss Cray will take the part," said Cecil.

"Any one in which I can oblige," said Miss Cray, in a voice as soft as her eyes.

Ruth was stunned. She saw before her a woman of the very type admired by Cecil. He had been the means of bringing her to the house. She was under a kind of obligation to accept her presence. What should she do?

"Miss Cray should see all our dramatis personæ," said she. "Cecil, will you please speak to Ferd?"

Cecil looked towards the bell-handle. Ruth was leaning against it. She was playing with the toys which hung from her chatelaine, and looked surprised that he had not complied with her request. He went out of the room, and then Ruth said, "My dear Miss Cray, I hope you will excuse my cousin—boys are so thoughtless—and

none but a boy would think for a moment of asking you to yield any of your valuable time to our amusement."

"But I should like it," said Miss Cray, innocently.

"I really am shocked by Cecil's want of consideration. Luckily here is the carriage at the door, so we will not rob your pupils of you for another instant."

"But it is no robbery. Mrs. Milner—"

"You are very kind to say so, but it is really no better than stealing. What could Cecil have been thinking of! This is the door. I do hope you will forgive him!"

"But, Miss Rupell—"

"Pray apologize for me to Mrs. Milner. I am so mortified."

"But you do not understand—"

"I can imagine, however—when you are so constantly occupied, too! Open the door, Thomas. You will drive to Mrs. Milner's, Jackson. Good-bye."

And the carriage-door was shut on Miss Cray and she was driven off, the large, brown eyes gazing at Ruth through the window with mingled astonishment and stupefaction.

"Where is Miss Cray?" asked Cecil, returning with Ferd.

"Gone home."

"Gone home!"

"Yes; she decided she couldn't afford to take so much time from her pupils. Such people must think of their daily bread, you know. And it must take a considerable amount of daily bread to produce all that avoirdupoise."

"Daily bread and—butter, I should say," said Cecil.

"Mrs. Milner is a liberal housekeeper, and the young woman shows it," said Ruth; and having reduced this Zenobia-like personage to simply a "young woman," she dropped her.

"What shall we do now?" Ferd inquired.

"I think I can train Laura Stapleton for our purpose," said Ruth. "Her voice is just the thing."

"Laura Stapleton's a stick," ejaculated Ferd.

"I can make her astonish you."

"You will, if you make anything out of her."

Miss Cray was seated in the midst of her pupils when a servant announced, "Gentleman in drawing-room for Miss Cray."

When she entered the drawing-room with her slow, majestic step, Cecil came forward to meet her, and took her hand. "So you decided not to help us?"

"Miss Rupell decided for me."

"Ah! She thought—?"

"She thought my time was not at my own disposal. She does not know how kind Mrs. Milner is."

"I thought she must be mistaken. What did you tell her?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"I—did not have a chance." The large brown eyes smiled; the full, red lips smiled also.

"I do not understand."

"She talked so fast, and seemed to think I should return immediately to my pupils."

"Will you put on your bonnet and come with me now?"

"To Thornhaugh?"

"To rehearsal."

"Did you explain to Miss Rupell?"

"No; I am not in the habit of making explanations."

"But what will she think?"

"I do not care what she thinks. I want you, and I will have you." This was said with the air of His Royal Highness.

"I must confess I was very much disappointed," said Miss Cray, simply. "I think it will be very nice."

While Cecil was absent on his mission, Cassa walked in to the room where Ruth and Ferd were in close conference, and, thinking Ferd looked annoyed at the interruption, she determined to punish him by hinting at Ruth's liking for some one else. She had often found this quite serviceable in embarrassing Ruth, and producing an appearance of confusion where none existed, which she thought would prove to the admirer, then present, that Ruth had some one else in her thoughts.

Cassa had but just opened her batteries when Cecil came in with Miss Cray. Cassa looked at Miss Cray, and taking in at one glance the royal bearing, the rich shape, and magnificent hair, looked also at Ruth, questioningly. Had she seen them? Her head was turned aside, and she was bending to caress the kitten in her lap. The unconscious animal had turned its long, sleepy eyes upon her face, but had it been at all cognizant of expression, it would have fled, affrighted, from those burning eyes and white, compressed lips. Ruth raised her head, put the kitten from her lap, and made a step forward. She was blind and deaf with passion, and the floor rocked under her feet, but she forced herself to say, in a tolerably composed voice—

"You will help us, then?"

"So Mr. Carmand says," replied Zenobia, with a laughing glance towards Cecil.

"He always will have his way," said Ruth. "Take off your bonnet, please, and we will have luncheon before proceeding to business."

Ruth left the room. The family failing was strong upon her. Foiled! and to this was added a maddening jealousy that made her deadly sick at heart, and caused her to stagger as she walked. The girl was beautiful. Cecil would make love to her—and she must stand by and see it! He might become infatuated enough to marry her! (Were not the Rupells proverbially inclined to be the fools of a woman?) "Not while I am alive! Not while I'm alive!" she said to herself, in a hoarse, sibillant whisper, clutching with both hands at the bosom of her dress, as if to free her swelling heart.

When luncheon was brought in, Ruth followed, with Aunt Julia, whose manner, usually unaffectedly cordial, was now haughty and unbending; but this could hardly have been the result of anything that Ruth had said, for Ruth was unusually charming, and seemed to find it almost impossible to express her appreciation of the sacrifice Miss Cray was about to make of her valuable time.

"It seems a great deal, Aunt Julia, to ask any one to give up their regular employment for the gratification of us idle people of leisure?"

"I should hardly have asked it," said Aunt Julia, stiffly.

"But I expect to enjoy it so much?" said Miss Cray, with the simplicity that contrasted so oddly with her magnificent form and face. "*I like to sing.*"

"Indeed?" said Aunt Julia, coldly.

"I am afraid I shall be a little bit frightened," Miss Cray continued.

"I thought you had had experience?" suggested Ruth.

"But it is so different when you have the footlights between yourself and an audience," Miss Cray responded, with a calm assumption that her part was well known, and had no shame connected with it. Ruth's shafts rebounded from the childlike unconsciousness that clung so airily to this superbly-formed and queenly-looking personage, and lent a charm to her every look and motion. Ferd said she looked as though she should be served on bended knees, and to see her picking the almonds out of a bit of cake and eating them with the hearty zest of a child, was too incongruous.

"You don't seem to fancy her, Aunt Julia," said Ferd, at the close of the third rehearsal, in which Miss Cray had sung faultlessly.

"I never did like red-haired women," was Aunt Julia's reply, with a glance at Cecil. "I think Delilah must have had red hair."

"If she looked like Miss Cray, Sampson was a lucky fellow," observed Cecil.

XXI.

(Written of Persephone the Child.)

"Little one, what makes you look so solemn?"

"Ruth says, that Cecil says, I am not to sit up this evening. He don't want any children in the audience."

"And what do you say?"

"I said that I would ask *you*."

"Right."

"I *shall* sit up—shan't I?"

"You shall. Cecil mustn't think to dictate here, altogether. He has only one-third of a right to do so."

"Why doesn't Rupert come?"

"I don't know. But he will be here before long."

"Are you sure?"

"Very sure. I have written to him to come immediately."

Ruth came into the room as he said this. I went up to her and made her a little, mocking courtesy.

"I am to sit up to-night," said I.

"I am very glad to hear it," said she. "You shall have my corals to wear with your white Swiss."

"That's right, Ruthy!" said Ferd.

"I don't want your corals," I said.

"She never will take anything from me!" said Ruth, turning to Ferd, and speaking in a tone of mild complaint.

"You never offer me anything because you want me to have it, but because you want other people to think you are kind to me."

"O-oh!"

Ruth recoiled from me; and the tears came into her eyes. I knew what they were! Tears of rage, because she couldn't shake me.

"Percy, you are very wrong to speak in that way to your Cousin Ruth," Ferd remonstrated.

"She isn't my cousin now grandmamma is dead. I won't call her cousin. She's *Stranger* Ruth; and she's as mad as she can be because Cecil's in love with Miss Cray."

Ruth was quite white around the lips when I had finished this tirade. She turned to Ferd.

"What *have* I done to deserve this?" The tears began to pour—tears of rage. She covered her face with her hands.

"This is too bad, Percy!" said Ferd, springing towards her, and taking her in his arms. "My sweet, darling Ruth, never mind what a silly little girl says. Don't cry, Ruthy—your tears scald my heart—I love you so. Ruthy, I love you, dear. Isn't that sufficient for you?"

So this was the result of my indignant revelation of the truth! Ferd, my only friend, had Ruth in his arms, and was telling her he loved her!

Ruth didn't withdraw herself, but went on crying very comfortably on his shoulder; and when he began to kiss her, I could endure it no longer, but ran out of the room, and went up to my own chamber, and down on the floor in a despairing heap—feeling that now I was indeed alone in the world. But then when Rupert should come! Rupert had been my first protector. He had placed me in this position. He should either keep me in it, or remove me to another. So I dried up my tears, and began to search through my small store of ornaments for something to wear with my pretty, white dress.

When I had made my toilette for the evening, I stole down the stairs; and the first person I met was Ferd, who complimented me upon my appearance.

"Yes; I want to look pretty, for Rupert."

"Hallo! for *Rupert!*"

"Yes; I suppose you won't care anything for me, any more?"

"Not care anything for the little one!" said he, catching me up in his arms, to the great detriment of my frills, as I informed him.

"Besides," I added, "I don't care to be where Ruth has been."

"Little jealousy! I love everyone else all the better for loving Ruth. By Jove! I love all the world. But what did you mean about Rupert?"

"Rupert will love me, when *he* comes."

"Not any more than I do, Percy, child."

"You can't love Ruth and me at the same time."

"Can't I? You just try me!"

"I don't want to. We will only be *friends, now*, if you please."

"Why, my small, tragedy queen, what were we before?"

"*Cousins*. Rupert is my only *cousin*, now."

So saying, I walked by Ferd, as haughtily as I could, and went on to the drawing-room, to hide a few tears which would spring out of my eyes notwithstanding my efforts to repress them.

The play was to be performed in the alcove at the upper end of the yellow drawing-room, the curtains which fell between, answering all the purposes of the green curtain. A screen, on which was painted a view of Venice, was placed across the front of the organ, and curved around the left side of the alcove; while on the right side, the entrance for the actors, represented a large canal, running between two rows of tenement houses, from the windows of which, ragged shirts, aprons, dish-towels, etc., were displayed, looped together with bows and streamers of ribbon, as if to grace the triumphant entrance of a conqueror.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A man in Illinois has invented a spring to be attached to the feet by which a person is relieved of the labor of walking to a great extent. He claims that his invention will enable a man to walk ten miles an hour with ease.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV'R 27, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $75. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

STACKS! STACKS!!

New subscribers need not fear that our large extra edition of the numbers of THE POST from October 2d is beginning to be exhausted. We have yet stacks on hand. Therefore send on your names without fear. We expect this time to be able to supply all new comers.

Will our regular subscribers please call the attention of their friends and acquaintances to THE POST, and its liberal inducements. By so doing they will confer a great favor upon us.

Compare the terms of THE POST with those of other first-class weeklies—and mark the contrast!

RENEW IN TIME!

Our subscribers whose terms expire at the end of the year, would oblige us very much by renewing their subscriptions as early as possible. They would thus prevent the delay in forwarding their papers, which is apt to occur at the beginning of the new year, owing to the large amount of work which is thrown at that time upon our clerks. It would also have a tendency to prevent those mistakes which often result from a great pressure of business.

NEW NOVELET BY MRS. WOOD.

We have just received a letter from Mrs. Henry Wood, announcing that she is now engaged in writing a Novelet for next year, to be called

BESSY RANE.

By the author of "East Lynne," &c.

Our list of promised Novelets for next year is rich almost beyond precedent.

WHAT OUR ARTISTS ARE DOING.

We recently made a visit to the studio of Mr. P. F. Rothermel, the well-known Philadelphia artist, and were rewarded with a view of the great work on which he is now engaged—The Battle of Gettysburg. It was begun, we believe, about two years ago, under a commission from the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and when finished is to be placed in the Capitol at Harrisburg. Several years' additional work is necessary for the completion of this painting, but it is even now, in its unfinished state, the most impressive battle piece we ever saw. There is no covering over of the horrors of war, as we find so often in this class of pictures. The romantic veil of military glory is withdrawn, and the terrible earnestness of the struggle is the absorbing feature. Thus the moral effect of the picture is good, as you leave it with an increased abhorrence of war and all that pertains to it.

A painting of an entirely different, and to us more pleasing kind, is the last production of Mr. William T. Richards. It is a view of mid-ocean, with a vessel in the distance, and is called "Half Way Across." We do not remember ever to have seen a more successful representation of the ocean: the very spirit of the sea seems to move those heaving waves, and as we look at them we forget the medium of paint through which they are presented. We even heard one lady declare that it almost made her feel sea-sick to look at the picture after dinner for any length of time; but for the truth of this statement we cannot vouch. However it gives an idea of the merits of the work.

The truthfulness of Mr. Richards's paintings is their distinguishing feature. They breathe of the summer woods, the quiet stream, or the wild sea-coast, and not of the academy; and they bear witness to a patient, loving study of nature such as only a true artist is capable of.

His many admirers will be glad to learn that his last painting, the one spoken of above, is to be exhibited at Messrs. J. S. Earle & Sons upon the opening of their regular galleries, now closed for repairs. A.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE FRONTIER SERIES. "PLANTING THE WILDERNESS; OR, THE PIONEER BOYS," by J. D. McCABE, JR.; and "THE CABIN ON THE PRAIRIE," by the Rev. C. H. PEARSON, are the titles of the last published of this series. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and for sale by Duffield Ashmead, 724 Chestnut street, Philada.

NUTCRACKER AND SUGARDOLLY. A book for children. For sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

THE LADY'S FRIEND. The December number of this attractive monthly has two uncommonly beautiful steel engravings—companion pictures, "THE DEPARTURE" and "THE RETURN." More beautiful engravings than these are seldom seen in a magazine. It has also a gay and stylish plate of Colored Fashions, and a Christmas title-page, showing various modes of celebrating the day. The illustrations of Caps, Bonnets and Coiffures are tasteful, and so are the captivating Costumes for Little Girls. Music—"The Angels are Waiting for Me." Amanda M. Douglas concludes her excellent story, "THE PRIZE OF TWO MEN'S LIVES;" and Mrs. Wood reveals the well-kept secret of her novel of "ROLAND YORKE," which ends in the most satisfactory manner. There is a fine story from Mrs. Moulton, and one from Nora Perry, and a sweet poem from Florence Percy, with the usual literary variety. The recipes are good, practical directions, such as ladies want for the holidays. The publishers offer great inducements to new subscribers, and we recommend our readers to enclose ten cents for a sample copy, to Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia. Price $2.50 a year (which also includes a large steel engraving). Four copies, $8. Five copies (and one gratis), $8. "The Lady's Friend" and "The Saturday Evening Post" (and *one* engraving), $4.00.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. The December number contains "Trollope's Vicar of Bullhampton," "Too Late," "The Coming Crisis in Canada," &c. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The December number contains "Uncle Sam's Treatment of his Servants," "The Dead Level," "The Mormon Prophet's Tragedy," &c. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE GALAXY contains "Put Yourself in His Place," by Charles Reade, "A November Afternoon," &c. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE FOREIGN REVIEWS. "The Westminster," "The North British," and "The Edinburgh" for October are published and for sale by the Leonard Scott Company, New York. All contain first-class reading.

PETERS'S MUSICAL MONTHLY FOR NOVEMBER. For sale by J. L. Peters, New York.

HITCHCOCK'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for November. Published by B. W. Hitchcock, New York.

A WORD FOR THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY NELLE.

"School-mistresses are generally driven in the traces of the worn-out stage-horse, naught for them in life but dull monotonous drudging." No, Zig, I object to that. Because I am a school-mistress myself, and I I don't feel a bit like the worn-out stage-horse. And I am not a beginner, either, ignorantly charmed with the poetic beauty of "innocent childhood," and unsuspicious of the ingenuity in depravity whereof said childhood is capable. And I am no longer young; the silver threads, I see, are growing plentiful in my hair.

Yet I am pleased, when I go among my pupils, after a period of absence, to hear them cry out, "Oh! here's Miss Nelle! Tom! Susie! here's the teacher!" to be surrounded by them, pulled half a dozen ways at once for kisses, while those that cannot get near enough to catch hold of me, execute something similar to an aboriginal war-dance about the group.

Just then, they forget all about the rod and the reproof, and the seasons of disgrace that fell upon them when they "forgot," or "didn't mean to;" and *I* forget the times they whispered when they thought I didn't see, and made rag-babies out of their handkerchiefs, and had a horrid caricature on the slate instead of the appointed exercise. (A "good forgettery" is a fine possession sometimes.) I suppose I don't look very dignified on such occasions, but we have a joyful time altogether; and, if you will believe it, I never once think of being like an old horse.

I don't believe in the dull, monotonous drudging, either. I won't do it, and I won't have it. I tell you it is just as good as fun to see a band of youngsters thinking and working, oh! so hard, over a difficult question; to note the quick exultation of one face, the quiet triumph of another, the eager haste of a third, as one after another they solve the mystery.

And when I look about among those who *were* my pupils, and see one building his house, and gathering his dear ones about him, and doing a man's work in the world; and another, (laughing, mischievous rogue that he used to be,) standing up, strong and brave, the stay and comfort of his aged parents; when I see those two merry girls ripening into earnest, successful teachers, and Anna, and Janet, and Harriet, and Mary, and Dellie, presiding over their well-ordered households, do you imagine that I feel at all like a worn-out drudge, or that I wear a weary, dazed expression when I meet those old-time pets of mine, and receive their cordial greetings?

I know—I know,—here and there one falls into evil ways, and becomes only a source of sorrow. And here and there one drops out of the ranks, and goes away "up Home;" but these are not lost; these are "treasures laid up in Heaven."

I protest against *anybody's* calling the teacher's vocation an unhappy one, in itself, though I can imagine what it might be to those whose tastes led in some different direction.

☞ A lady in Rhode Island subscribed for a Newport paper, the other day, to be sent to a neighbor, who worried her by borrowing hers. All regular borrowers of THE POST are requested to take this little hint, and subscribe for a paper of their own. If they do not take one hint, we shall have to give others. We do not choose our subscribers to be imposed upon.

☞ THE LAW OF NATURE.—The great law of nature is, "Eat and be eaten." The spawn-eater swallows the worm, the sharks swallow the spawn-eater; the hawk pounces on the chicken, the eagle on the hawk, and the sportsman on the eagle; rogues feed on honest men, pettifoggers on rogues, and the devil on pettifoggers. Queer arrangement this—but who will say that it is not all for the best? Let us turn over and reflect.

☞ A GREAT ORNAMENT.—A clergyman last summer visited the celebrated Hoosac Tunnel, and encountered a sprightly-looking Irishman, who, in reply to the question, "Do you think this work will pay?" promptly replied, "Faith, no. But this it'll be a great ornemint to society."

The Great Boat Race.

BY DR. HALL.

Great in one thing, its folly, as are all competitive out-door games and strifes as practised, such as base-ball, feats acrobatic, tall walking, heavy lifting, gymnastics and the whole brood of time-wasters and destroyers of health and true enjoyment. What good does it do if a man rows a boat a mile in a minute? It does not earn an honest penny; besides nobody has any business to go a mile in a minute. What's the use of young men starving themselves half to death, pinching themselves into thinness of flesh for want of necessary food, and into actual disease? What good can it do a man to inure himself to a practice or employment which he does not expect to follow, and which brings him neither money, health, nor comfort, for there is no comfort in being half starved?

What is the result of all this tom-foolery of walking long distances in consecutive hours? It was never intended for men to work consecutively, or to work at all at night. Then follows walking backwards; next will come efforts to walk upside down in the water, under the water, on the water. Many a man has been put in his grave by cutting monkey capers in a gymnasium, and many others made lame for life. Suppose a man can climb a greased pole fifty feet high, has he any more agility than he had before? There is nothing at the top of a greased pole; besides there is no use for greased poles, and it's a clear waste of soap fat. Some man down East has been making a fool of himself by endeavoring to get the ability, in the course of years, to lift an elephant. Elephants were not intended to be lifted; they can better hoist themselves if there is need for it. If a man wants to climb or lift his own weight, let him stick on a tail, and go it like a monkey; the monkey is wise in comparison with such, for he makes a living at times by climbing trees for nuts or other provender.

Then there is base-ball. Column after column is wasted in our newspapers in details of the innings and wicketings of Tom, Dick and Harry, of whom nobody ever heard or cares a button. There is no material difference between a horse-race and a man-race. A feat of fisticuffs and a game of base ball are radically alike in their social, physical, moral and hygenical effects; they all promote idleness, gambling and drunkenness, just as the theatre does. Idlers, gamblers, drunkards, the profane and the obscene visit alike the theatre and the race field, always on hand as a professional "set to," ready for a bet, a knock down, a game of cards, or a drink, multiplied by forty in a day. We hear a great deal of twaddle about the games of the Greeks and Romans, and associate their great deeds of war and conquest with their feats in the amphitheatre. But there is this little drawback; as soon as they got time to run races, they ran to seed; they got drunk; became extravagant; spent more than they earned, sought to make up the deficiency by gambling, and, failing there, abandoned themselves to all kinds of dissipation and recklessness, and then, when in the course of years they became in a sense emasculated, deprived of their manly power of doing and daring great deeds, they set their bulls to fighting one another, and then the bulls to fighting broken-down horses, as the Spaniards now do; and finally, both Greek and Roman died out. Athletes do not live long. The heroes of the ring die early. The "training" which they have to undergo seems to undermine their constitutions. The fact is, all strainings of the human body beyond what it is intended for as a regular pursuit, are injurious to the constitution, are premature drafts on its power, and always will work harm. Man was made for steady labor, for deliberate employment, and those, and those only, promote health and thrift and manly endurance. Look at the time wasted in preparing for competitive games; in actually playing them; in talking about them after they are over; to say nothing about the actual expenditure of money: besides these there are bettings and angry debates, with any number of disagreeable reminiscences.

But there is a common source of danger to health in connection with all outdoor competitions, aside from the danger of over-training and the various moral evils which have been enumerated, and that is of taking cold after the contests are over. For competitions always leave the body over-heated and wearied, and the mind depressed; the circulation is feeble and languid, and the power to resist cold is very limited indeed; so that a very slight wind can so rapidly convey away the vital heat, that a chill is possible within an hour, to be followed by pleurisy, inflammation of the lungs, or some tedious attack of rheumatism. As soon as any competitive game is over, the parties engaged should go to a warm room and get into bed, and remain there covered until fully rested. The general course, however, is to stand about on the ground and—drink whiskey to keep off the cold.

If men want rest from their ordinary occupations and wish to gain strength for further efforts, the first best thing is to go to sleep, then take a joyous walk with some jovial friend, or go a courting, or to the singing-school, or pay a visit to some dear friend or relative, or in some other form of employment as different as possible from the regular occupation, something that is jolly, that has in it the uproarious laugh, to wake up a new circulation and bring into exercise hidden activities.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

HONORS TO GEORGE PEABODY.—By latest cable despatches we are informed that an entire fleet of foreign vessels will take part in the transatlantic funeral cortege of Mr. George Peabody. Beside Her Majesty's ship Monarch, a number of French war vessels will accompany the remains of the great philanthropist, which will be borne by our own ship of war, the Richmond, across the ocean. The spectacle of three great nations uniting in such marked expressions of respect to the memory of a private individual, is something not only remarkable, but unique. Recognition of the claims of those who give of their substance liberally to the poor, has seldom failed any man, but the honors now being paid to the remains of Mr. Peabody are commensurate with the vastness of his large benevolence.

☞ There has been a heavy fall of snow all through the North. The streets of Philadelphia are still free from it, however.

☞ The voting of the Ecumenical Council will be done with colored balls. Red will signify affirmation, blue dissent, and white doubt, hesitation or skepticism.

More About California.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, November 6, 1869.

Such glorious, golden weather as we have been having here for a fortnight, surpasses anything one could have conceived of by the wildest stretch of imagination without having personally experienced it! The earth had become parched and dry, all nature had been panting for blessed rain. At last, upon the night of October 18, rain began to fall, and continued in one incessant torrent until noon of the third day, when suddenly the sun strode forth in his majesty, dissipating the clouds, and investing all visible objects with a splendor beyond compare. And then it was that the delicious days of which I speak began.

I drove out over the hills to view the grand California Nature with its freshly washed face. The air was balmy, the sky cloudless, the entire atmosphere deliciously clear and transparent, the surrounding landscape possessing a truly spring-like verdure. Old Osborne Hill, our favorite landmark here, nodded pleasantly toward me as though in reminder of one fine day, when I mounted its rugged side and enjoyed a picturesque view, of which I endeavored to give my Post friends some faint conception.

"Come," said my escort, "let Osborne Hill go for to-day; I have grander sights yet to show you." And so I turned my head, and a cry of wonder escaped my lips at what I beheld. It was the Downieville Butte, some fifty miles to the north-east in Sierra county, that first attracted me; then the north Pilot's Peak, in the still more distant Plumas county, loomed up grandly before me. A heavy mantle of snow decked their lofty summits—not the remnant of last winter's snows, such as I played with upon my pilgrimage to the summit of the Sierra Nevadas last August—but deep beds of new-fallen, pure, white snow. The Downieville Butte has an elevation of 8,300 feet, Pilot's Peak over 6,000 feet—the summit of the latter is capped with a bed of lava 650 feet thick, and its northern slope is walled with columnar basalt. A short distance beyond we came within sight of the celebrated Marysville Buttes. Rising abruptly from out the Sacramento Valley, this group of isolated peaks produces a singular effect, and is visible from a great distance. They were very plain and distinct to our vision, yet were forty miles distant.

Day before yesterday, I sat out of doors basking in the sunshine, and wondering if ever before had been cast so deep and rich a coloring over all Nature far as the eye could reach. But yesterday, the clouds began to gather overhead, the sunshine assumed a more *toned down* hue, and at midnight last night I was awakened by the steady pattering of rain. It has rained heavily all day, but toward evening the clouds were dissipated, and now the stars are shining brightly, and the new-moon making itself visible.

Recently I had a pleasant trip "down below," as the people of the mountain counties here term a visit to San Francisco. It was the day the excursion party of California pioneers started for the East, that I set forth with a view chiefly of attending the Mechanics' Institute Fair. Our good driver, Bob Scott, was very ambitious to reach Colfax in time to see the excursionists. So he whipped up his horses, and the speed with which we were whirled around the curves of the steep hill-sides was unparalleled even in the annals of Grass Valley stage-coach history. The morning air was fine and bracing, the distant hills clouded with a blue veil of mist, and I enjoyed the ride with even more than usual zest. Yet, after all, we had been misinformed regarding what time the train was due, and had to await its arrival for an unconscionable length of time. It came along at last, however, and stopped long enough at the station to give us an opportunity of seeing the pioneers, and noting the high good humor with which they seemed to view the pleasure in store for them. Many sprang from the cars to greet friends who were waiting to wish them a happy journey; and after the last farewells were spoken, and the "all aboard" recalled them to their places, right hearty was the response to the cheers that accompanied them on their way.

When their train had passed along ours steamed up, and entering it we were borne in the opposite direction. At one o'clock Sacramento was reached, and here I stopped over night. It was my first opportunity of observing this city, and I received a very favorable impression of it. Such charming flower and fruit gardens surround the majority of the dwelling houses as to invest the streets with a remarkably cheerful aspect. A truly palatial residence was pointed out to me, recently erected by Chas. Crocker, Esq., of the Central Pacific Railroad. It is surrounded by extensive grounds, which are to be elegantly laid out, and when complete the establishment will not have cost less than $80,000. The new State Capitol is just now the prominent object of interest to a visitor. It is a magnificent building, surpassing in its extensive proportions, its fine architecture and the durability of its materials, all other structures of the Pacific coast, and indeed it bears very favorable comparison with the capitol buildings of many older states.

The following morning at six o'clock, I took the cars for Vallejo, and the distance to this place being sixty miles, I was much astonished, after proceeding scarcely an hour, to observe water apparently but a short distance in advance. It could not be the waters of the Bay, for I knew the foot hills of the coast range lay between me and it, and yet it was so extensive that I could not fancy what else it was, and strove vainly to brush up my memory to recall what body of water might be looked for in this vicinity. Soon I decided that the distance must at all events be very deceptive, for although we were whirled on and on, mile after mile, we seemed to draw no nearer the great sheet of water. I experienced the same puzzled, bewildered sensation that overcomes one when the mind becomes confused regarding the points of the compass. Suddenly, just at the height of my perplexity, I spied the wild, oats-covered hills, and mysteriously as it had first appeared to me, the supposed water faded from sight. Then it dawned upon my mind that I had beheld a mirage, a phenomenon, I have since learned, which is very common in the *tule* lands of the Sacramento valley.

More vividly than from any description ever given me could I now conceive of the effect of the mirage upon the early emigrants in crossing the mighty desert plains on their way to the promised land of gold. In my mind's eye I could discern them, weary and parched with thirst, attracted by a sparkling sheet of water close at hand. Animated with new hope, fancy them lured on mile after mile by the delusive semblance, only at last to meet bitter disappointment. The theme is a suggestive one, my readers; follow it out each of you according to your own tastes.

The Vallejo boat soon landed us in San Francisco, and there what with the crowd gathered for the purpose of attending the Fair, and those assembled for the Odd Fellows' celebration, we found the city pretty well thronged with strangers, so much so that it was some time before we could find a resting place. The Fair lasted from September 14 to October 30, and was a very great success. By the receipts the managers of the "Mechanics' Institute" were not only enabled to defray a standing debt of current expenses, but had a sufficient surplus to pay half the debt upon the Institute building, as well as to add largely to their library and necessary scientific apparatus.

Knowing that California has only been engaged ten or twelve years in manufacturing industries, I was scarcely prepared to find such a degree of perfection arrived at in many branches. At a time of great financial depression, it was, when the more superficial placer mines had become partially exhausted, and from numerous causes ruin seemed to stare many in the face, that to meet the exigencies of the time by substituting for the various imported commodities those of home manufacture, as well as to make use of the superabundant labor, a few manufacturing enterprises were embarked in upon a limited scale. A passing glimpse at the history of the different woollen mills gives some idea of the rapid growth of these undertakings. Up to the year 1859 the entire woollen clip of California was shipped abroad for a market, then the "Pioneer Woollen Mills" went into operation. These mills, in the year 1867, turned out 40,000 pairs of blankets, 100,000 yards of broadcloth, tweeds and cassimeres, and 300,000 yards of flannels. The second establishment of the kind, the Mission Woollen Mills, was put into operation in 1861, and as one item, I find it recorded that in the year 1866 they sent out amongst other things 80,000 pairs of heavy army and navy blankets, also that in the year 1867 at the Paris Exposition the premium medal was awarded them over all other competitors from the United States. At present, however, the new Capitol Woollen Mills takes precedence of all others, and to them was the prize of the recent Mechanics' Fair awarded.

The display of furniture, of San Francisco-make chiefly, interested me greatly, and I was led to feel rather indignant that millionaires here send to New York to obtain furniture and appointments for their elegant mansions, instead of encouraging these really admirable home industries. The "Pacific Saw Works" had some thousand samples upon exhibition of every description, size and pattern, from the finest surgeon's saw to the largest mulay. Then specimens from the Glass Works, the Calaveras Slate Co., agricultural implements, machinery of diverse kinds and degrees, and many objects too numerous to dwell upon, each in its way was worthy of note. Among the articles for upholstering I was attracted by the new substitute for hair-mattresses formed from the roots of the amole or soap plant. Quite an extensive business has sprung up recently in collecting the roots of this plant, and separating the pulp from the fibre, which latter is dried and twisted by machinery, receiving at the same time the crimp it afterward retains.

Truly with all her elements of natural wealth, with all her abundance of necessary raw material, with all the energy and enterprise of her people, the only obstacle in the way of California's continuing to advance in her manufacturing interests, as in all other branches of industry, lies in the high prices of everything, labor, lands, and money included. Many prejudices must be overcome, many old customs abolished, many changes introduced, all of which it is not my purpose now to discuss. I desire only to remark that, judging from all I see and hear, I am convinced that time alone is needed to do this, and ward off many apparently threatening evils in the financial world.

I must not neglect to refer to the display of fruits at the Fair. Apples and quinces weighing 1¾ pounds, grapes, each the size of plums, in clusters of 3 or 5 pounds' weight, watermelons weighing 47 pounds, and squashes of all weights up to 145 pounds. There were splendid specimens of almonds, figs, oranges and lemons, fruits and nuts of every description. Then there were abundant samples of pure California wines, brandies and ciders. There was a pressing machine in operation crushing apples and grapes, and turning out fresh cider of both fruits. The grape I found especially palatable and pleasant, for I had a curiosity to taste some. And while on the subject of fruits let me mention that during my stay in San Francisco, then in the latter part of September, I had a box of beautiful large fresh strawberries brought me one day. This seemed very curious to me—but was considered no marvel here where almost every month of the year has its yield of strawberries.

I visited the Pavilion where the Fair was held by day to examine the articles upon exhibition, by night to observe the effect of the whole by gas light. The inscription—"Mechanics' Institute Seventh Industrial Fair"—in gas jets was lit up for the first time the night I was there, and the entire interior of the pavilion presented a most brilliant appearance. I sat in an upper gallery gazing down upon the multitude surging hither and thither throughout the light-flooded building. It was a scene of splendor, and it was long before I was weary of contemplating it.

My visit to the Chinese theatre and other places of interest and curiosity shall form the theme of my next letter. For the present I must say farewell.

AUBER FORRESTIER.

☞ On the east bank of the North river, in Hampshire county, West Va., is perhaps one of the greatest curiosities in the state. It is literally an ice mountain, from 400 to 500 feet high. The western side of this mountain is covered with loose stone of a light color from base to summit. By removing the stone, pure, solid, crystal ice can be found in the warmest days in summer, and it has been found there as late as the middle of September. What seems strange is, that the side of the mountain where the ice is found is exposed to the sun throughout the day, and it is said the sun does not have as much effect in melting the ice as continuous rains.

Anecdotes of a French Critic.

Many are the anecdotes being told of the famous French academician, Sainte-Beuve, recently deceased in Paris. Sainte-Beuve was through life an infidel, and so died. On his death-bed he requested that no religious services be performed over his grave. The request was complied with. He was supping one evening at a restaurant, and close by him the great Friar Lacordaire was seated. Perhaps it was malice, or perhaps he did not see the latter, but Sainte-Beuve, who was conversing on the subject of religion with a friend, dropped the remark that he could not believe in God because it went beyond his understanding. He had scarcely spoken this when Lacordaire rose up to his full height, and exclaimed:—"M. Sainte-Beuve, you say you do not believe in God because you cannot understand Him. But can you understand why the same fire will melt butter and harden eggs? And nevertheless you are eating your omelette!" Sainte-Beuve, struck at this remark, remained silent for a moment, but then he rose likewise, pressed the hand of the ardent Dominican, and they remained warm friends ever afterward.

☞ The long talked of international sculling match in England, came off on the 19th, on the Tyne, and resulted in a victory for America, Walter Brown, of Portland, Me., beating his English opponent, J. H. Sadler, of London, by two lengths.

☞ Teacher—"Why was Joseph put into the pit?"

Thomas (who goes to the theatre on week-days)—"Because there was no room for him in the family-circle."

☞ The use of nitro-glycerine is prohibited by law in Sweden, the country where it was first employed. A scientific Swede of a statistical turn of mind has computed that the explosion of a quarter of a ton of this mild mucilage would blow the entire territory of Sweden into the middle of the Arctic Sea. So the Rigsdag interferes, and burghers parade the streets bearing banners upon which is inscribed the Swedish equivalent of "No Glycerine."

☞ How may this paper be placed so that two persons may stand on it at the same time without seeing or touching each other? Place it on the threshold and shut the door.

☞ There came to the Chicago post-office, a few days since, a letter addressed "To the good and kind man Jesus." That letter had wandered a long way from its destination.

☞ G. F. Train is the occasion of a large amount of characteristic eloquence from the Western press. One Wisconsin paper, after alluding to him as a "notorious addle-pated windbag," and to his hearers as "a meagre audience of dead-heads and the unsophisticated," thus playfully and politely perorates:—"Good-bye, old windy; good-bye, old gas-pipe; go home and soak your head with whiskey, so as to give some strength to your apology for brains. Good-bye, old Geo. Francis Train. Don't come this way again—the people appreciate you too well."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There is rather more inquiry; about 10,000 bbls sold at $5@5.50 for superfine, $6.75@6.50 for Northwest extra family, and $5.50@6.50 for Pa extra family. Rye Flour; 250 bbls sold in lots at $6 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—There is very little demand for Wheat; about 20,000 bus Western red sold at $1.35@1.37; 12,000 bus Delaware do at $1.38@1.40; 20,000 bus Pa do at $1.37@1.40 and 3000 bus Western and Southern white at $1.45@1.55 ₱ bus. Rye; 6000 bus sold at $1.04@1.07 ₱ bus for Western and Pa. Corn; sales of 40,000 bus mixed Western at $1@1.03; 15,000 bus new yellow at 88@90c, and 12,000 bus old Pa and Delaware yellow at $1.02@1.10 ₱ bus. Oats; 50,000 bus sold at 80@81c ₱ bus, the latter rate for light Delaware.

PROVISIONS—There is rather more doing; sales of 250 bbls old mess Pork at $21.50@22, and new prime mess at $21.50 ₱ bbl. Bacon; sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 19@21c, and Sides at 19@20c. Green Meats; sales of 300 tcs pickled Hams at 17@17½c, and Shoulders at 13½@14c. Lard; sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 17½@18c for steam and kettle rendered. Cheese sells at 18@19c ₱ ₱.

COTTON—Sales of 250 bales of middlings at 25@25½c for uplands, and 25½@26½c ₱ ₱ for New Orleans.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 lbs, $1.50@1.60; mixed do, $1.35@1.45; Straw, $1.40@1.50.

HOPS—Sales of new crop at 30@34c ₱ ₱.

☞ Here is a case for lawyers, which occurred in the town of Genesee, New York. It seems that Dr. Cutler's barn stands on the line separating his barn from that of a neighbor. The neighbor has a number of cows in the adjoining lots, and the cows have been in the habit of reaching their tongues through the boards of the barn into the manger of the horse, and stealing hay. The other day, the tongue of one of these cows was bitten off by the horse, and the question now is, whether the owner of the cow can obtain damages. The animal was on his premises when she lost her tongue, but then, certainly, the tongue was trespassing upon the doctor's side of the line.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3000 head. The prices realized from 8@8¾c per ₱ ₱. 100 Cows brought from $40 to 65 ₱ head. Sheep—16,000 head were disposed of at from 4@5½c ₱ ₱. 3500 Hogs sold at from $14,00 to 14,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

☞ Mrs. Stowe wanted to extinguish the Countess Guiccioli's "Recollections of Byron," but, instead of doing so, new and cheap editions are announced to supply the demand the recent scandal has created for it. The book, though somewhat huddled together, contains a large amount of interesting facts respecting Byron.

CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP contains a large per centage of VEGETABLE OIL, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. CRAMPTON BROS., 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutgers-place, and 33 and 35 Jefferson St. Office 54 Front Street, New York. oct13-6m

☞ Of all the sweet and beautiful things said of a faithful mother's love, the words used by Theodore Parker in speaking of Daniel Webster's mother seem most precious:—"When virtue leaps high on the public fountain, you seek for the lofty spring of nobleness, and find it far off in the dear breast of some mother, who melted the snows of winter and condensed the summer's dew into fair, sweet humanity, which now gladdens the face of man in all the city streets."

Coughs and colds are often overlooked. A continuance for any length of time causes irritation of the lungs or some chronic throat disease. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy, giving almost invariably sure and immediate relief.

Owing to the good reputation and popularity of the Troches, many *worthless and cheap imitations are offered, which are good for nothing.* Be sure to obtain the *true* "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold everywhere.

THE RECENT ACCIDENT ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The Western Pacific Railroad employs a man as switch-tender, who, in the words of the despatch, "*although having a time-table, could neither read nor write, and did not know which train had the right of track.*" By the ignorance of this man sixteen persons were hurried into eternity. The coroner's jury has not yet brought in a verdict. It is not upon the switch-tender, poor ignorant fool! that the blame of the tragedy should be laid, but upon the officers of the company who employ him. And *they* should be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. It is time that death upon the rail cease to be a daily occurrence.—*Philadelphia Press.*

How Hostetter's Bitters Cure Dyspepsia.

THE WHOLE STORY IN A NUTSHELL.

The office of the stomach is to convert the food into a cream-like semi-fluid, called CHYME. This is effected partly by the action of a solvent, called the gastric juice, which exudes from the coating of the stomach, and partly by a mechanical movement of that organ, which *churns*, as it were, the dissolving ailment. The CHYME passes from the stomach into the duodenum, or entrance to the bowels, where it is subjected to the action of the bile, and the nutritious portion of it converted into a fluid called *Chyle*, which eventually becomes blood.

Now, it is evident that if the great solvent, the gastric juice, is not produced in sufficient quantity, or if the mechanical action of the stomach is not sufficiently brisk, the *first process of digestion* will be but imperfectly performed. It is also clear that if the liver, which plays such an important part in changing the nourishing portion of the chyme into the material of the blood, is congested, or in any unnatural condition, the *second process* will not be thoroughly accomplished. The result of the *two failures* is *dyspepsia*, complicated with *biliousness*.

The mode in which HOSTETTER'S BITTERS operate in such cases is this: They invigorate the cellular membrane of the stomach, which evolves the gastric juice, thereby insuring an ample sufficiency of the fluid to completely dissolve the food. They also act upon the nerves of the stomach, causing an acceleration of the mechanical movement necessary to reduce the food to a homogeneous mass. They also act specifically upon the liver, strengthening it, and so enabling it to produce an ample and regular supply of bile, for the purpose of converting the nutritious particles of the *Chyme* into *Chyle*, and promote the passage through the bowels of the useless debris.

In this way, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS cure dyspepsia and liver complaint. The explanation is plain, simple, philosophical, and *true*. nov6-4t

☞ Count de Waldeck, of Paris, is an artist 103 years of age. Only eighteen years ago he had a son born to him, and this year he sends a new picture to the Fine Arts Exhibition.

ANOTHER remarkable case of Cancer cured by Drs. Babcock & Son, 700 Broadway, New York. So many extraordinary cases of this terrible affliction, through the system of these eminent physicians, have recently come to knowledge, that they are induced, as a matter of duty, to call public attention to the remarkable results they have effected, in the cure of a Cancer in the Breast—*without the knife*—of Mrs. A. J. Crowell, of Manchester, Mass. The thousands of cases which, during the lapse of years, have proved to be permanent cures, attest the wonderful effects of Dr. B.'s system, which is painless, and has incited them to a similar mode of treatment for malignant tumors, scrofula, and other affections of a like nature. It is understood that Mrs. C. has consented, for the benefit of the afflicted, to answer letters of inquiry concerning her case, addressed to her as above. nov13-2t

☞ Circumstances alter cases. Jews are Gentiles in Utah.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age.

This is admitted to be the fact by the thousands who are now using *Dr. Tobias' Celebrated Venetian Liniment.* It has been introduced since 1847; and no one once trying it is ever without it. It will positively cure the under-mentioned complaints, if used as directed:

Chronic rheumatism, sore throat, headache, toothache, sprains, bruises, old sores, swellings, mosquito bites, and pains in the back, chest or limbs. Also taken internally, for cholera, diarrhœa, dysentery, cramp, colic, sea sickness, spasms, &c. It is perfectly harmless to take internally. (See oath accompanying each bottle.) It has never failed to cure every case of diarrhœa, dysentery, and cramp, if used when first taken. Always have a bottle in the house in readiness, and you will never regret it.

Price, 50 cts. and $1. Sold by the druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. nov6-4t

☞ NICKEL.—Nickel, it seems, about to prove wonderfully serviceable for electro-plating. Means have been lately found for so depositing it on metallic articles as to make a more lasting and a far cheaper coating than silver, and one quite equal to silver in beauty.

Just Out.

"*CHERRY PECTORAL TROCHES,*"

For Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchitis

None so good, none so pleasant, none cure as quick.

BUSHTON & Co.,
10 Astor House, New York.
oct13-3m

☞ AN APOLOGY.—A miller had his neighbor arrested upon the charge of stealing wheat from his mill, but being unable to prove the charge, the court adjudged that the plaintiff should apologize to the accused. "Well," said he, "I've had you arrested for stealing my wheat. I can't prove it, and I am sorry for it."

To Soldiers, Heirs and Others—For collection of Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize Money, and all other claims. Address General Collection Agency, No. 135 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sept-1y

☞ "Interviews" with public men are an "American institution," sustained by indomitable "cheek" on the one hand, and by the vanity that is anxious to make a noise in the world on the other.

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia. oct13-1y

☞ When you open an umbrella in the street, be sure it is done directly in one or more faces. It will show you have a friendly feeling for people by being near them. Never mind the manners of the thing—they are yours, and nobody is surprised at them.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS—Facts to be Remembered.—Low spirits, declining appetite, indigestion and dyspepsia, are speedily exchanged for robust health, by the use of these most excellent medicines.

Stolen Thunder.

The New York Commercial, in publishing an account of the recent delivery of a sermon written by Rev. Dr. Channing, in two Episcopal churches of Philadelphia, adds the following:—

A similar instance of "appropriation" occurred some time since near London. A young Wesleyan minister drew large crowds to hear him, and bid fair in public estimation to become a second Spurgeon. Among the more ardent admirers he had already come to be spoken of as such. One Sunday morning, a Hartford, Connecticut, gentleman, temporarily sojourning in the English metropolis, was invited by an acquaintance to go out and hear this "ministerial prodigy."

As they emerged from the church, the Englishman turning to the American, observed, with a self-satisfied triumphant look, "What do you think of that discourse? Have you got anything that will beat that in the States?" "It was a very good sermon," responded the Hartford gentleman, "but I heard it in my own church at home a few years ago." Subsequent inquiries showed that the preacher who had occasioned so great a furore had been preaching Sunday after Sunday from Dr. Horace Bushnell's printed volume of sermons. Not only had he "followed copy," word for word, but he had also taken the same text employed by the Hartford divine.

Some years ago, Dr. Dorr, of Christ's Church, Philadelphia, visited a brother clergyman in England, and was very much edified one Sunday afternoon, on hearing the latter preach a sermon he had delivered in the City of Brotherly Love a few years before. A few evenings since, the members of a Presbyterian and a Baptist church in Chicago were considerably surprised on comparing notes, to find that their pastors had preached the same identical sermon that afternoon.

R. R. R.
Radway's Ready Relief
Cures the Worst Pains in from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one

SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every pain.

It was the first, and is

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations and cures congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application,

In from One to Twenty Minutes,

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the *RHEUMATIC*, bed-ridden, infirm, crippled, nervous, neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL AFFORD INSTANT RELIEF.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPTHERIA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts, where the pain or difficulty exists, will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in a half tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Fever and Ague cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, bilious, scarlet, typhoid, yellow, and other fevers (aided by *RADWAY'S PILLS*), so quick as *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF*. Fifty cents per bottle.

Dr. Radway's Perfect Purgative Pills, Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter stamp to Radway & Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

Sold by Druggists. aug7-tf

☞ The average Canadian snow-fall for twenty years has been 79.50 inches; in 1861, a very snowy year, it was 96.58 inches, while between October and March of this past winter there fell 165.80 inches.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, EDWARD G. HATFIELD, of New York city, to MARIA N. STEINER, daughter of the late John C. Steiner, Esq., of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr. JOHN QUAIL to Miss A. AMELIA ZEITLER, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. GEORGE W. FISHER to Miss JOSEPHINE FISHER, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. JOHN W. DEMAINE to Miss ADDIE E. BOWMAN, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. ALEXANDER BOYD to Miss REBECCA MCGILL, both of this city.

On the 31st of Oct., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. ALFRED ILLMAN to Miss SALLIE D., daughter of Wm. F. Anncly, Esq., both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM MARTIN, in his 86d year.

On the 16th instant, MARGARET, wife of Joseph Valentine, aged 28 years.

On the 13th instant, CHARLES A., son of Wm. and the late Emily Farson, in his 23d year.

On the 15th instant, KIMBER CLEMENT, in his 32d year.

On the 15th instant, MARGARET, wife of Charles Calhoun, in her 55th year.

On the 14th instant, JENNIE M., wife of WM. H. Grear, in her 46th year.

On the 14th instant, MRS. SARAH BELL, in her 85th year.

On the 13th instant, MRS. ANNA M. MILLER, aged 46 years.

On the 12th instant, WILLIAM HART, in his 57th year.

THE COMING YEAR.

THREE MONTHS GRATIS
TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

In THE POST of October 2d, we commenced a new and brilliant Novelet written by one of the most talented of our lady authors. It is entitled

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "How a Woman Had Her Way," &c.

We are also now publishing

George Canterbury's Will.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," &c.

These will be followed by the following (among other) Novelets:

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Prescott, Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. *It was engraved in England, at a cost of* $2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

We make the following *Special Offer* to New Subscribers. We shall begin the subscriptions of all NEW subscribers for 1870 with the paper of October 2, which contains the commencement of Miss Prescott's new and brilliant Novelet, "A FAMILY FAILING," until the large extra edition of that date is exhausted. This will be thirteen papers in addition to the regular weekly numbers for 1870, or fifteen months in all! When our extra edition is exhausted, the names of all *new* subscribers for 1870 shall be entered on our list the very week they are received. *Of course those who send in their names early will receive the full number of extra papers.*

☞ *At the present date we have a large number of the back papers to October 2d still on hand.*

This offer applies to all *new* subscribers, single or in clubs. And our Club terms are so very low, as compared with other first-class literary weeklies, that clubs should be obtained with the greatest ease. And the getter up of a club of Five or over, gets not only the Premium Engraving for his trouble, but a free copy of the paper also.

While we offer thus a special inducement to *new* subscribers, our *old* subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and in the ease of getting up clubs—and therefore it is to their interest to speak a good word for us to their friends. And in proportion as patronage is extended to us, are we able to make THE POST more and more worthy of their support.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

LOOKING BACK.

This is the old farm house,
With its deep, rose-tangled porch,
Where hover and rise white butterflies,
And honey bees hold debauch.
Oh, many a time and oft,
In the dear familiar croft,
With a lifted eye to the summer sky
I have followed the lark aloft!
And my heart, my heart, flies back
On the dead years' shadowy track,
And now in the lane, on a loaded wain,
I'm a happy and hot little boy again!

Just such a windless noon
As this, in a buried June,
When the scented hay in the meadows lay,
And the thrushes were all in tune,
On the staggering load I exultant rode,
And the red-faced wagoner "wey'd" and "woa'd,"
Long ago in a buried June!

Days when to breathe was bliss,
Perfect, and pure, and strong;
No pulse of the heart amiss,
No beat of the brain-work wrong;
When care was a word, and love an absurd
Fabrication of story and song.

Is it so long ago,
This life of color and light?
Will it not show some after-glow
Ere the day dips into the night?
O youth, have you left me quite!
O years, have ye dimmed my sight!
Lo, the light is shade, and the colors fade,
And the day dips into the night.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XX.

A PAINFUL INTERVIEW.

The twelvemonth went by, and Thomas Kage was ready to resign his executorship; some law details had thus protracted the settlement. The deed of release was forwarded for Mrs. Canterbury and the other parties to sign, and Mr. Kage also left London for the Rock; there was no legal necessity for his presence there, but he chose to spare the time for the journey. The railway was now extended to within two miles of the Rock; and an omnibus, as Mr. Kage was informed, plied between the terminus and Chilling. He was hastening to look for the conveyance when he ran across Mr. Carlton. That gentleman had long been disabused of his resentment against Mr. Kage on the subject of the executorship; for the lawyer, Norris, told him how craftily the appointment had been made.

"Don't get into that jolting omnibus," cried the warm-hearted squire; "let me drive you in my pony-gig; there's room for you and your portmanteau too. I came to look after a parcel of books, and it has not arrived."

They were soon bowling along the road, Mr. Carlton full of gossip, as he loved to be. In relating some news, he mentioned the name of Captain Dawkes.

"Captain Dawkes!" exclaimed Mr. Kage. "What! is he here?"

And Mr. Kage found, to his very great surprise, that Captain Dawkes was not only there at present, but had been there ever since, or nearly ever since, his first appearance in the place twelve months before. Just for a few moments he could scarcely believe it; that Captain Dawkes should remain at Chilling had never crossed the mind of Thomas Kage. A certain five-pound note, borrowed, had been intended to take him to some remote fishing-town on the Welsh coast; at least, the Captain had said so.

"Do you know him?" questioned Mr. Carlton.

"A little. What is he doing here?"

"Fishing and sporting, *he* says. He does fish; but as to being a sportsman, why he is the greatest muff in the field you ever saw. The fact is, he is fonder of indoor sports than outdoor ones," continued Mr. Carlton significantly. "I fancy he is likely to become a relation of yours."

"A relation of mine! In what way?"

"Rumor goes that he will marry Mrs. Canterbury."

"Ridiculous!" involuntarily burst from Thomas Kage.

"I suppose she does not think so. He is a good-looking man, very; and is heir to a large fortune, they say."

"Who says it?" quietly asked Mr. Kage.

"Who? I don't know. Everybody; and he says it himself."

"How has he become intimate with Mrs. Canterbury?"

"Through living in the neighborhood. He has been here a long while; ever since Mr. Canterbury's death, it seems to me."

"How and where does he live?" questioned Mr. Kage, who appeared to be absorbed, and not pleasantly, in what he heard.

"First of all, he was at the inn, and then he removed to a little furnished box there was to let, and had his sister down. He took it from month to month at starting, but now he seems to have it altogether."

"And is intimate, you say, at Mrs. Canterbury's?"

"Uncommonly intimate," was the answer of Mr. Carlton, who relished a dish of gossip more than anything. "Is at the Rock every day of his life. Folks say that Mrs. Kage went up there, and took her daughter to ask about it; but Mrs. Canterbury is her own mistress, and will do as she likes."

"But surely Mrs. Kage is living at the Rock?"

"Not she."

"It was decided that she should, as Caro—as her daughter is so young."

"Ay, there was some such arrangement made, I remember. Mrs. Kage fished for it and got it. But it did not last long—nobody thought it would—and she went back to her own home at the cottage. Mrs. Kage assumed too much domestic control, and the young mistress of the Rock would not put up with it. Mrs. Canterbury visits a great deal, and is extremely popular in the county."

"In spite of the unjust will."

"She and Mrs. Kage got a great deal of blame at the time, but people seem to have forgotten it now."

"Ay," mused Thomas Kage, "time is the great obliterator of human actions, whether they be evil or good."

He fell into a reverie as he spoke, and Mr. Carlton found he had the talking to himself; which was what he liked. The hint just given troubled Mr. Kage, in spite or its utter improbability. Barnaby Dawkes with his debts and his ill-living, and sweet Caroline Canterbury with her marvellous wealth! The thing was utterly absurd, painfully incongruous; but, nevertheless, Thomas Kage would have given a great deal to be made sure that nothing was in it, or ever would be.

How was it, he wondered, that he had not heard until now of this lengthy sojourn of the ex-captain's at Chilling? His own correspondence with the place had been confined to a few business letters exchanged with the lawyer, Norris; for Mrs. Canterbury seemed to have taken umbrage at something or other on the day of the funeral, and had never written him one. Still, he thought he might have heard bits of gossip through Sarah Annesley, now Mrs. Richard Dunn. But Mrs. Dunn's chief friends, the Canterbury family, were all in Germany. Mrs. Rufort's health necessitated a change, her condition gave great anxiety to her husband and sisters; and Mr. Rufort got leave from the bishop of the diocese to substitute a clergyman in his place for twelve months; so that from them Sarah Dunn could hear no home news. Another circumstance, not explained to Mr. Kage until long after, had also tended to keep the fact of Captain Dawkes's residence there a secret from London ears. At first, he had been called Mr. Barnaby. That he had, in his desire for privacy, given this name, was more than probable; *he* said the people at the inn had taken it up from seeing it on a letter, and assumed it to be his surname. The public called him "Mr. Barnaby" still; and the Captain made a joke of the same to the very few acquaintances he made down there, Mrs. Canterbury, her mother, and Mr. Carlton nearly comprising the whole. At any rate, whatever might have been the inducing causes, Mr. Kage had never known or suspected that Captain Dawkes was at Chilling. Now that he knew it, his thoughts were busy. Mr. Carlton talked on, and he answered Yes and No at random, as one who hears not.

When they reached the Rock, Mr. Carlton halted, and shouted for the keeper to open the lodge-gates. She came running out.

"I will walk up to the house," said Mr. Kage. "I should prefer it, for my legs are cramped. Thank you for bringing me."

He took out his portmanteau, and carried it inside the lodge, observing that he would despatch a servant for it. The woman took it in her hand to test its weight.

"It's not heavy, sir. My boy can run up with it at once."

"Very well," replied Mr. Kage.

Close upon the house he heard the sound of voices at some little distance, and saw a gentleman playing with a child: now running with him, now tossing him, now carrying him on his shoulder. It was growing dusk, but Thomas Kage had no difficulty in recognizing Barnaby Dawkes; and the child was, beyond doubt, the young heir to the Rock.

Mrs. Canterbury was alone in the drawing-room; she had just come down attired for dinner. The article she had called a widow's cap was discarded; and with the expiration of the twelve-month, a few days ago, also her heavy mourning. She wore a black-lace evening dress, with jet necklace and bracelets, and some jet beads in her sunny and luxuriant hair. Her emotion at sight of her visitor was vivid, and he could not fail to observe it.

"Oh, Thomas! this is indeed unexpected."

"I wrote you word last week I should be coming."

"But you did not say when. And I never thought you meant so soon."

"Am I too soon, Caroline?"

"Oh, no, no; my surprise is all gladness. Have you come from London to-day?"

"I will answer as many questions as you like, when I have taken off some of this travelling dust; but I had better do it first, for it must be close upon your dinner-hour. You will like me to stay for that?"

"Stay for that! I hope you have come for longer by a great deal. Remember how often you have promised to come to the Rock."

"I had intended to stay one night at it; but—"

He did not finish the sentence. Caroline was looking at him with her wide-open blue eyes; dusk, though it was, he could see their depths of beauty.

"What do you mean by 'but,' Thomas?"

"Well—yes; I will remain until to-morrow. How is Mrs. Kage? I thought she was living with you, Caroline."

"She comes in most days to dinner. I have long wanted to see you, Thomas; to thank you for acting for us as executor after all, in spite of your scruples."

A strange gravity came over his face with the introduction of the subject. His voice took a colder tone.

"If my declining to act would have changed the provisions of the will, I should have declined. But, in striving to perceive on which side my duty lay, that fact, above all others, forced itself upon my notice. The refusal would have brought no good to anyone; only some trouble on you; and so I put aside my personal feelings, which were all against it, and went on with the task."

He quitted the room as he spoke, to be shown to the chamber assigned him; and, on descending again, found himself in the presence of both Mrs. Kage and Captain Dawkes. Dinner was announced immediately. Captain Dawkes—we give him his title from habit—was advancing to Mrs. Canterbury, but Mr. Kage stepped before him quietly, but with unmistakable decision. The gallant Captain fell behind to Mrs. Kage, her fan, her essence-bottles, and her mincing affectation.

Mrs. Canterbury, from the head of the table, asked Thomas Kage to take the opposite place. Captain Dawkes was on his best behavior, subdued and gentlemanly. Mr. Kage caught, at odd moments, a glance of the eyes directed surreptitiously towards his quarter, and he knew that his appearance at Chilling was just about as welcome to their owner as snow in harvest.

"I hear you have been making a long stay in this neighborhood, Captain Dawkes."

"Pretty well. I rather like it."

After dinner, the boy was brought in, little Thomas Canterbury. He was too gentle to be what is called a spoilt child, but his mother seemed wrapt in him. Mr. Dawkes appeared equally fond; he took the boy on his knee, fed him with sweet things, kissed him, petted him, and kept him there until the ladies retired and carried him away with them. As Thomas Kage returned to his seat from closing the door, the Captain took a five-pound note from his pocket-book and laid it on the table.

"Kage, I owe you a thousand apologies for not having repaid you before. I am so glad to see you—and relieve myself of the debt."

"You might have sent it," observed Mr. Kage.

"I know I might; but negligence is one of my failings. Thanks for the loan. You never got it repaid by that ancient relative of mine, I suppose?" he added, as an afterthought.

"I never mentioned the matter to her."

"Keziah writes me word that she is only waiting my presence in London to kiss and be friends. I thought she would come-to. For the past twelvemonth, you see, I have got along without asking help from her, and that has put her in good-humor."

"But how have you been able to get along?"

"I had a windfall from a brother officer. A fellow who owed me a lot of money, and came down like a brick with it. I had given it up for a bad job; but he suddenly came into a fortune, and paid up his debts."

This was true. But Captain Dawkes did not think it necessary to add that the "windfall" arose from a former bet at gambling; or that its payment had enabled him to make for a time a show at Chilling, and pass off for a tolerably rich man; or that Keziah's means had been sacrificed bit by bit to keep the show up.

"Do you see any signs of decay?"

"Decay in what?" asked Mr. Kage.

"In the deaf party. It's an awful shame of her to live so long, keeping a fellow out of his own!"

"Are you sure that Mrs. Garston's death would benefit you?"

"Yes. To the extent of the greater portion of her fortune."

"I think you are mistaken, Dawkes."

"No, I am not," said the Captain, smacking his lips as he put down his glass. "Capital wine, this of old Canterbury's! You don't seem to appreciate it, Kage."

"A short while ago, Mrs. Garston began talking to me about her will," resumed Mr. Kage, passing over in silence the remark on the wine. "I did not ask her for it: I didn't care to hear about it, for it was nothing to me. But she then said, as solemnly as it is well possible for a woman to speak, that you would *not* inherit her money. If I tell you this, Dawkes, it is in kindness—that you may not deceive yourself with false hopes."

"Perhaps you imagine that *you* will inherit it," rejoined the Captain, with a scarcely-suppressed sneer.

"I am sure that I shall not," was the quiet answer. "Mrs. Garston will bequeath her money without reference to me. Rely upon one thing, however, Dawkes: that you will not have it any more than I shall. Were I not persuaded of the positive truth of this, I would not have mentioned it to you."

"Were I not persuaded of the positive truth that I *shall* have it, I should not be living at my ease as I am," was the retort. "She may have changed her mind since telling you this, or perhaps only said it in momentary pique: but I do know for a certainty, through Keziah, that Mrs. Garston will do right, and make me her heir."

The assertion was utterly devoid of truth, though the Captain's bold face was a marvel of candor as he delivered it. The fact was, it suited him to pass off at Chilling for a man whose large expectations could not be imperilled. Mr. Kage silently supposed there might be some inadvertent misconception on Keziah's part, or that her hopes deceived her.

"You do not ask after your little friend, Belle Annesley, Dawkes."

"Hope she's well," was the careless comment. "Had nearly forgotten her. Nice little girl enough: wonder when she's going to get married."

It was not Thomas Kage's province to tell Captain Dawkes he ought to be the bridegroom. In point of fact, he did not know how much or how little had passed between the two. Belle might have given her heart without due inducement; a not entirely uncommon case.

"Yes, she is a very nice girl," he said warmly. "Something seems to ail her, Dawkes. All her childish ways are put aside; and she is as staid as she was once light-mannered. Sad, in fact."

"Sad is she? It's through living with that wearying old mother. How's town looking?" he added, deliberately passing off the subject. And Mr. Kage was content to let it pass. They rose from the table together, and went into the drawing-room.

It was not altogether a merry evening. Thomas Kage was silent and thoughtful; the ex-captain like one under some constraint; Mrs. Kage shot keen glances, and not always pleasant ones, at the assemblage generally, from over the top of her smelling-salts. Calling Thomas to her, she made room for him on the sofa near the fire. A large one was kept up every night that Mrs. Kage was there.

"You have not told me how I am looking," she said, tapping him playfully with her fan.

Had Thomas Kage told, and truly, he would have said, very ill. Of all battered, worn-out old creatures, the late Lord Gunse's daughter was the worst. Her head nodded involuntarily. Mrs. Garston, over twenty years her senior, looked younger. In this past year she seemed to have aged ten.

"I hope you feel well, Mrs. Kage," was all he could bring himself to say to the appeal.

"Perfectly charming. Don't I look so? When Fry settled this white feather in to-day"—pointing to the top of her withered old head—"she said it became me in a wonderful manner, making quite a girl of me. Some of us never grow old, you know. Thomas, I don't like that man."

The transition rather startled him. Her simpering face of affectation had changed to a sharp one, her self-sufficient voice to a dissatisfied whisper behind her fan; her eyes cast forth gleams of rage at Captain Dawkes, who stood for the moment at the far end of the room with his back to them.

"He makes himself too much at home here. I tell Caroline so, but she does not see it. Sometimes I think he must have designs on Caroline and her money. And that, you know, dear Thomas, would be undesirable."

"Entirely so."

"I wish he'd go away, and leave the place. He doesn't like me, and I don't like him. He is heir to Mrs. Garston's great wealth, poor deaf old object!—but still I don't like the unpolite man. Do you know much of him?"

Certainly Thomas Kage did not know much good of him, had he chosen to say so.

"I took a dislike to his rolling black eyes; it was the first day, when he as good as told me I'd got paint on. I do assure you, Thomas, my complexion is sweetly natural."

Thomas Kage bit his lip to hide a smile, and the *tete-a-tete* was broken by the gallant Captain himself, who came up too near to be talked of.

Both the guests left early. Late hours were getting to be barred luxuries to Mrs. Kage; and the Captain gave her his arm to the little close carriage that brought and took her, taking his own departure at the same time. It was scarcely ten o'clock when Mrs. Canterbury and her cousin were left alone. She caused the chess-table to be brought forward, and set out the men.

"You will play, Thomas, will you not?"

He drew his chair up, and they commenced the game. In five minutes Mrs. Canterbury had checkmated him. Then he began to put the pieces up.

"But will you not play again?" she asked.

"Not to-night. My thoughts are elsewhere."

He finished his employment, pushed the table back, and dropped into a musing attitude, his elbow on the arm of his chair. Mrs. Canterbury glanced at him as she played with the trinkets that were hanging from her chain. Her own spirits throughout the night had been gleefully high.

"Is anything the matter, Thomas? You have been as solemn as a judge all the evening."

"Is it true that you are likely to marry Dawkes?" was his abrupt rejoinder.

"My goodness! what put that in your head?"

"Is it true, Caroline?" he more sadly repeated.

"No, it is not true," she emphatically said. "How came you to think of such a thing?"

"A hint of it was whispered to me since I came down here."

"Oh, then, I know—it was by mamma," she slightingly said, her lip curling.

"No, Caroline. It was by a stranger."

"I am surprised at your taking it up seriously, Thomas; there's not a shade of truth in it. But why cannot people keep their mischief-making tongues within due bounds?"

"It was not prudent, Caroline, to allow a man, of whom you know nothing, to become so intimate here. In the first place, you are too young for it."

"No, not too young in position. I am mistress of the Rock, and a widow; I have a child of three years old. You were always ultra-crotchety, Thomas."

"Let me tell you a little of what I know of Dawkes," was his calm rejoinder. "He has been a wild, gay man; up to his ears in debt and embarrassment; has lived in little else for years past. Mrs. Garston has come to his relief on occasion, but it has not seemed to serve him much. When he came to this neighborhood it was to be safe from his creditors."

"Few men have been exempt from embarrassment at some time or other of their lives," observed Mrs. Canterbury. "Captain Dawkes's having been in debt ought not to tell against him, now he is free from it."

"How do you know he is free from it?"

"Of course he is. He lives here openly, and seems to have plenty of money."

"He may have paid his debts in part; he may have some ready-money to go on with; I do not know that it is not so, and you do not know that it is. But I do know that plenty of money he cannot have. It is only a very short while ago that his sister Keziah—I mention this in strict confidence, Caroline—applied to Mrs. Garston for help for him."

"And if she did—it would be like asking for his own. He will inherit Mrs. Garston's large fortune."

In the most earnest words he could use, Thomas Kage assured Mrs. Canterbury that Captain Dawkes would *not* inherit it; that his own expectation on the point would inevitably prove a fallacy. Knowing the old lady so thoroughly, he was convinced, beyond danger of mistake, that Captain Dawkes would never be her heir after the words she had spoken, and he deemed himself justified in saying as much to Mrs. Canterbury.

"I'm sure he may be cut off with a shilling for aught I care," was Mrs. Canterbury's answer. "Captain Dawkes and his prospects are nothing to me, Thomas."

"I thought it strange if he could be. But reflect for one moment, Caroline—to such a man as this, with his, at best, uncertain future, what a temptation a fortune like yours must hold out! The—"

"What a shame *it* is people can't mind their own business!" interrupted Mrs. Canterbury. "They interfere with me in the most unwarrantable manner; they say I visit too much, and they say I left off my ugly widow's caps too soon—I wore them nearly twelve months, and they were spoiling my hair. And now they have been talking to you about Captain Dawkes."

"I was about to observe that the tastes and pursuits of Captain Dawkes—I have seen something of them—are not calculated to bring happiness to a wife, Caroline."

She smiled; a bright laughing smile. Mr. Kage was vexed; he thought it a decisive one.

"Caroline, I speak for your sake only—for your happiness."

"Then you really do care for my happiness?"

"I have never cared for any one's so much in life. You know it once, Caroline."

Mrs. Canterbury had risen to stand on the hearth-rug before the large pier-glass, and the red glow of the fire deepened to crimson the blushes on her cheeks. Or had they deepened of themselves? anyway, they were rich and beautiful. Thomas Kage thought so as he stood near to her; far too innocent and beautiful to be thrown away on Barnaby Dawkes.

"I *thought* it once," she hesitatingly said, "until—"

"Until when?"

"Until I married. But it was all over then."

"Not so; I am anxious for your happiness still, and I wish you would let me try and guide you to it."

"How would you begin?" she merrily said.

"First of all, you should break off the intimacy with Dawkes—How was it brought about?" he interrupted himself to ask.

"It began by his taking a fancy for my boy. He made acquaintance with him and his nurse in their walks, and the child grew so attached to him, nothing was ever like it. How could I help being civil to one who is so fond of my child?"

"Let there be truth between us, Caroline," he interrupted in a pained tone.

"I am telling you truth; I will tell you all. I care nothing for Captain Dawkes, and I only like him because he loves the

boy. But he has grown to like me in a different way," she added; "and last week he asked me to become his wife."

"What was your answer?"

"My answer! It was such that I do not think Captain Dawkes will ever venture to speak to me in that manner again. He begged my pardon humbly for his mistake. It was then that he told me—but I had heard him say it before—that he would to a certainty inherit Mrs. Garston's fortune."

"This having been your answer, how is it that he is still intimate here?"

"He begged me to bury what had passed in oblivion, to pardon him for it, to let it die out of my remembrance as a thing that had never had place, and to allow him to continue his friendship with the Rock. It would grieve him painfully, almost kill him, to part with the boy, he said. I told him it was so entirely a matter of indifference to me, that he might continue to come here on occasion if he chose."

"Then you do not love him, Caroline?"

"No; it is not to him that my love is given."

"That tone, Caroline, would almost imply that it is given elsewhere. Is it so?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life,
Some lessons I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour.
But the morning dew must fall;
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill wheel goes;
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing, failing us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to our feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depth be riven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for Heaven.

RUPERT'S LAND: INDIAN HUT AND FAMILY.

Southward of the Eskimo countries we meet with the various tribes of Indians of North America, who are found in all parts of the vast diocese of Rupert's Land. One large tribe, the Kutchin, or Loucheux Indians, are thus described by Sir John Richardson:

Each family possesses a deer-skin tent or lodge; the skins used in winter being prepared without removing the hair, that the cold air may be more effectually excluded. In summer, when the family is travelling in search of game, the tent is rarely erected. The winter encampment is generally made in a grove of firs. The ground being cleared of snow, the skins are stretched over willow-poles, which take a semi-circular form. These lodges of the Kutchin resemble the Eskimo snow-huts in shape. Snow is packed on the outside for half the height, and, within, the lodge is lined with the young spray of the spruce fir. The doorway is closed by a double fold of skins; and the apartment has the closeness and warmth, but not the elegance, of a snow-house.

These Indians are described as a treacherous people, warring against the Eskimos and among themselves to such an extent, that, in one portion of Rupert's Land, the population has diminished one-half within the last twenty years.

A mission was commenced in this vast territory in the year 1822, and in 1840 a considerable increase began to be made. The Church Missionary Society has now thirteen stations, numbering 766 communicants; and 24 schools, with 1,009 scholars. But these are scattered over the largest diocese in the world. "Eastward, the mission has extended to the Cree Indians of the East Main, upwards of 1,500 miles; while, more than 3,000 miles westward, a station has been commenced at Fort Simpson, on the shores of the Pacific." This latter district, however, will soon form part of the new diocese of British Columbia.

The first bishop of Rupert's Land arrived in his diocese in August, 1849; and another diocese has been created for Vancouver's Island, and the Pacific side of North America.

UNDER FIRE.

FROM THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

Fortunately for the safety of the armies on each side in the late war, there was seldom confidence or ability enough to press a victory to its logical result of rout. Fortunately for the Republic, Lee slackened his fire and held back his victorious army after his great success, or rather our great failure, at Fredericksburg. For two days and nights, the Federal Army lay in his grasp—beaten, disordered, huddled in the town, with the river between it and its base and fortifications—and he did not let slip his dogs of war.

On the morning of the day after the disastrous Fredericksburg fight, (Sunday, December 14th) the reserves were up early. The heavy fog was penetrating and chilly, and the turf was no warm mattress to tempt us to the sweet morning nap, which we always remembered, on getting up, as one of the sweetest luxuries of home. Virginia, in sanctifying her soil, had not warmed it with any of her own fervor. So we willingly shook off sloth from our moistened bodies; and, rolling up the gray "U. S." blankets, set about breakfast.

The *bivouac* breakfast, be it observed, is a nearer approach to its civilized namesake, than the *bivouac* bed. Coffee, good, strong, and hot; pork, fried to a turn on a stick over an open fire; hardtack, sweeter and more wholesome than the saleratus-biscuit of the average American housewife: this was the usual breakfast—this, and the soldier's comfort, a pipe.

Covered by the fog, then, we folded our ponchos and gray blankets, heavy with moisture, breakfasted, and smoked the inevitable pipe. We had even begun to take further note, through the misty veil, of the wreck of humanity and "equinity" cumbering the ground about us, when a slight lifting of the gray fog showed us the whole story of yesterday's repeated assaults and repeated failures. We had been hurried to the battle late on the day before, only to see a field of flying men, and the sun low in the west shining red through volumes of smoke; six deserted field-pieces on a slight rise of ground in front of us, and a column, of cheering troops, in regular march, disappearing on our left. But the day was over then, and the battle lost, and our line had felt hardly bullets enough to draw blood, before darkness put an end to all hostile sounds, except some desultory shell-firing. For an hour or two afterward, shells from Marye's Heights traced bright lines across the black sky with their burning fuses. Then, by command, we sank down in our lines, to get what sleep the soggy ground and the danger might allow us. Experience had taught us that when the silent line of fire had flashed across the sky and disappeared behind us, the subsequent scream and explosion were harmless. Still, it required no little *sang froid* to overcome the damp ground and the flash and report of bursting shells, and fall asleep, at an order.

Lulled at last by the subsiding of the shells, and the rumbling of the passing ambulances—that army of mercy that does its deeds of light under cover of night—we finally slept. But we were aroused before midnight, and formed into line with whispered commands, then faced to the right, and, reaching the highway, marched away from the town, and toward that terrible line of hills, in approaching which by daylight so much blood had been spilled, and so many hopes had gone down. Under the darkness we moved safely, and, though the road was now free from ambulances, so slowly, that men sat down, from time to time, and even dozed heavily, without seeming to impede the sluggish march. Muffling canteens, and whispering orders, we made some progress, however, and finally moved more freely as the column filed again into a broad, open field. There were many dead horses at the point of our turning, and many more dead men. Here, also, stood a low, brick house, with an open door in its gable-end, from which shone a light, and into which we peered in passing. Within, sat a woman, gaunt, and hard-featured, with crazy hair and a Meg Merrilies face; still sitting by a smoky candle, though nearly two hours past midnight. But what woman could sleep, though never so masculine and tough of fibre, alone in a house between two hostile armies, two corpses lying across her door-step, and within there, by the candle-light, almost at her feet, four more? Poor sufferers, who had dragged themselves, with deep hurts, in at the open door, to die there at the feet of this lonely woman, and add to the ghastliness of her isolation, while the hail of bullets and the carnage outside kept her a prisoner in her own house. So, with wild eyes, her face lighted by her smoky candle, she stared across the dead barrier into the darkness outside, with the look of one to whom all sounds were a terror—of one who heard, but saw not. The smoky candle burned, and the wild eyes watched, all night. We formed in two lines, the right of each resting near and in front of this small brick house, and the left extending into the field, at right angles with the highway. Here we again slept in *bivouac*, and here we rose up in the morning fog.

On our night-march there had been a rumor that we were to get close to the picket-line during the night to form the first line of a renewed assault in the morning. And this seemed probable enough, as we turned off the road into the field at a point where the fight had been thickest and the slaughter most severe. And we found room for our beds with no little difficulty, because of the shattered forms of those who were here taking their last, long sleep. The morning broke in fog, and the fog continued to envelope us till the pipe was exhausted, when we got up to inspect and criticise the situation. The soldiers of the Republic were free critics of the wisdom of their superiors; so we forthwith saw unwisdom in the situation.

If the night's rumor were true, where was the body of the assaulting force? We were only a portion of two divisions, and evidently in a part of the field that had yesterday proved untenable by a force greatly larger than ours. Just here was the wreck of a fence that seemed to have been the high-tide mark of our advance wave of battle. The fence was a barrier, which, slight as it was, had turned back the already wavering and mutilated lines of assault. Almost an army lay about us, and scattered over the plain back toward the town. Not only corpses, but many of the badly wounded, almost indistinguishable from the dead, were here, too. Death, fallen to the ground and groveling in the mire, is most dreadful. Broken and crushed humanity, in the clothing meant for life and activity—how awful our common lot seemed, when presented in this shape—robbed of the stately funeral and the solemnity of the chamber of mourning!

But if we are to charge, let us look away from this, and try to penetrate the dissolving fog. Gradually the fog commenced to lift; we could see the last year's corn-stalks in the field before us; then it all melted away in sunlight and breeze.

About eighty yards in front, the ploughed field was bounded by a stone wall, and behind the wall were men in gray uniforms, moving carelessly about. This picture is one of my most distinct memories of the war—the men in gray behind this wall. Talking, laughing, cooking, cleaning muskets, clicking locks; there they were—Lee's soldiers—the Army of Northern Virginia! We were so absurdly near the host of yesterday's victors, that we seemed wholly in their hands, and a part of their great mass! cut off and remote from the Federal Army, and almost in the hands of the enemy—prisoners, of course. That was the immediate impression, as we stupidly gazed, in the first moment of the awkward discovery.

But the sharp whistle of a bullet sounds in our ears, and a Rebel's face peers through the puff of smoke, as he removes the rifle from his shoulder; then rapidly half a dozen more bullets whistle by us, and the warning sends us all to earth. The order to lie down is theoretically infrequent, but, practically, it is often given in modern warfare. Napoleon's maxim, that an army travels on its belly, was metaphorical; but long range and repeating rifles have made it approximately true in a literal sense. Our double lines of battle sought the shelter of the ground as soon as blood was drawn. This had the effect of hiding us from the enemy, or partially so, for the fusillade slackened, though his vigilance seemed to be eternal whenever incautious curiosity or official anxiety raised a head to look.

Lying perfectly flat upon our bellies, there was enough inequality of ground to shelter us; but any head raised above the recumbent level drew destruction upon itself, or escaped it too narrowly for the experiment to become general. So we lay still and shrinkingly expectant—though expectant of what, I can hardly say. For my own part, the first thought was, that a volley of bullets would be thrown among us as a prelude to a demand for surrender. But, as neither volley nor demand came, it began to seem as if deeper plans were in preparation: possibly an advance, to swallow our handful first, and then to press forward against the discomfited Federal force lying in the town. This impression began to grow general with us as conversation gradually sprang up, and the we'll-catch-it-in-a-few-minutes theory was held till the minutes grew into hours, and still neither volley, demand, nor advance took place.

It was becoming irksome to maintain one position, even at full length; but the watch over us was very vigilant. Hardly a movement was made at any part of our line that did not draw fire from the wall. Necessity compelled us, however, to keep up something of a lookout on the enemy, at any risk. A cautious inspection showed great carelessness in their lines: they were still strolling and lounging—a group at cards, even—evidently ignorant or careless of our proximity.

It seems now altogether probable that they were ignorant of our numbers, as most of our men were down when the fog lifted; a few scattered groups only were standing, and these they may have taken for a squad of picket-reserves, that gave them a pleasant opportunity for target-practice. The blue lines upon the ground may only have told them of the effectiveness of their fire of yesterday; a man moving among the mass was a picket imprisoned by their fire, or a wounded soldier tossing in his pain: in either case food for powder—a Yank.

What to do about it, was a topic only second in interest to the probable action of the enemy. Could we lie thus without waking up the big guns, whose black muzzles looked down upon us from the hill-top on our right? And if not, what then? From these guns there was no possible shelter, should they decide on action.

The only course plainly impossible was, to retreat. Retreat alone was more dangerous than to remain as we were, or even to advance. The field behind us stretched away toward the town, level and exposed—the focus of a semicircle of battery-crowned hills, with no inequality of ground to protect us from a convergence of fire that would be singularly effective.

The situation had already forced upon us a policy of masterly inactivity which alone seemed to meet our immediate difficulties; so we drifted into a mutual understanding that no doubt an abler council of war would have approved. Shots might rouse the enemy from his carelessness or ignorance; certainly a volley from our line could not go unanswered, and the odds were great. Our only hope of escape seemed to lie in the conservative policy of "not irritating the South;" and we adopted it. Let them stick to their cards and forget us, if they would! But we arrived at this policy only as the least of a host of evils. Already the fire of their sharp-shooters was telling upon our numbers. The constraint of a fixed position became unbearable at last—worth risk of life and limb to escape from; and this risk was constantly encountered at one and another part of the line. So, to the sportsmen behind the wall the game was reasonably brisk. Each exposure also drew fire upon those who were quiet. A tolerably large list of casualties was thus running up, as we lay inactive.

The enemy riddled every moving thing in sight; horses tied to the wheels of a broken gun-carriage behind us; pigs, that incautiously came grunting from across the road; even chickens they brought down with an accuracy of aim that told of a fatally short range, and of a better practice than it would have been wise for our numbers to face.

They applauded their own success with a hilarity we could hardly share in, as their chicken-shooting was across our backs, leaving us no extra room for turning. But this was mere wantonness of slaughter, not indulged in when the higher game in blue uniform was in the field. The men who left our ranks for water, or from any cause, before we were pinned to the earth, came back at great peril. Indeed, I believe not one of them reached our line unhurt. Many were killed outright. Many were mortally wounded, and died within a few steps of us. * * *

This showed us plainly what we might expect, and fixed our bounds to such segments of the field as were hidden from their sight. This was not alike throughout the line. At one point the exposure was absolute, and stillness as absolute was the only safety. A slight barrier was afterward formed at this point by the disposal of dead bodies in front, so that they actually did shelter the living. The dull thud of the bullet in these bodies was frequent afterward.

This was our situation on the day after the great battle; and it was not very surprising that we fell back on our reserved rights of criticism. Were we placed in this *cul-de-sac* to assault the enemy, and renew the lost fight of yesterday? If so, where was the support—the great body of the human battering-ram? Certainly, a fragment of two divisions could hardly dislodge the Army of Northern Virginia from so fine a position as Marye's Heights! How many corps had failed here yesterday? What was now to be attempted with this single, forlorn fragment of the Fifth?

It was a bad scrape, with no alternative but forward to Andersonville, or back across a plain of death. The middle course of masterly inactivity answered for the present; but how long could it last in the presence of a watchful foe? That became a question which time was slowly answering. And so we went on from criticism to speculation, till irksomeness changed to numbness, and numbness drove us to risk death for the luxury of stretching our limbs.

After two or three hours of this business, we became somewhat accustomed to the situation—for man becomes accustomed to almost anything that savors of routine—and learned with considerable exactness the limit inside which we might move with safety; and the limit, also, of endurable constraint. It was somewhat curious to see how strong tobacco-hunger was with many men. Men jumped to their feet and ran the length of a regiment to borrow tobacco; and in so doing ran the gauntlet of a hundred shots. This was so rarely accomplished in entire safety that it won the applause of our line, and hearty congratulations to any one fortunate enough to save his life and sweeten it with the savory morsel.

All this would have been ludicrous, but for the actual suffering inflicted on so many. In our midst men were mortally hit, and there was no chance to bind up their wounds: they were almost as far beyond our help as if they had been miles away. A little was accomplished for their relief by passing canteens from hand to hand, keeping them close to the ground and out of sight; and some of the wounded were where a little manipulation could be done in safety. It was sad to hear the cries fade away to low moans, and so to silence, without a chance to help. The laugh over a successful chase for tobacco would die away only to change into a murmur of indignation at the next cruel slaughter. A young officer, boyish and ruddy, fresh from a visit home, with brighter sword and shoulder-straps than most of us, raised his head to look at the enemy, and a bullet at once pierced his brain. Without a word or groan, his head sank again, his rosy cheek grew livid, and his blood crimsoned his folded hands.

Frequently, a leg or an arm was shattered, as either became exposed in shifting from the wearisomeness of one position. Presently a system of reporting the casualties became established; the names of the injured were passed from mouth to mouth: "Capt. M., 17th, just killed;" "Private ——, Company C, 11th, knocked over," etc. Those who were fortunate enough to have paper and pencil, and elbow-room enough to get them from pocket-depths, kept a list of the names of the killed and wounded. Even this sad occupation proved a blessing, for the hours were very long and weary.

I suppose *ennui* is hardly the word where nerves are on the rack and where danger pinions to the earth, yet something like *ennui* came over us. I found by chance a fragment of newspaper, which proved a charm that for a time banished the irksome present, with its ghastly field of dead men and its ceaseless danger. Though this ragged patch of advertisements I sailed away from Fredericksburg with the good barque Neptune, that had had quick dispatch a month before—for the paper was of ancient date—and was well on her way to summer seas when I obeyed the printed injunction and applied on board for passage. And oh, pleasant summers of the peaceful North! who would have suspected you to lurk in extracts of sarsaparilla and in newly discovered ointments for eruptive skins? But I found you there, and forgot the chill earth, the grim war, the rifle's crack and bullet's whistle; forgot even the dead hand that had stretched itself toward me all the morning, with its clutch of grass. Hottentots, in the interest of Mr. Helmbold, searching for *buchu*, were less savage than the Rebels; but from their society I was called back to the dull, wet earth and the crouching line at Fredericksburg by a request from Sergeant Read, who "guessed he could hit that cuss with the spy-glass," pointing, as he spoke, to the batteries that threatened our right flank. Then I saw that there was commotion at that part of the Rebel works, and an officer on the parapet was taking note of us with a glass. Had they discovered us at last, after letting us lie here till high noon?—and were we now to receive the plunging fire we had looked for all the morning? Desirable in itself as it might be to have the "cuss with the spy-glass" removed, it seemed wiser to repress Read's ambition. The shooting of an officer would dispel any doubts they might have of our presence, and we needed the benefit of all their doubts. Happily, seeming to think us not worth their powder and iron, they left the embrasures to the quiet guns again.

Were we really destined to see the friendly shades of night come on and bring us release from our imprisonment? For the first time we began to feel it possible, when the groups left the guns without a shot. I grew easy enough in my mind to find that sleep was possible, and I was glad to welcome it as a surer refuge from the surroundings than the scrap of newspaper. It was a little discouraging to see a sleeping officer near me awakened by a bullet; but as his whole misfortune, besides a disturbed nap, seemed to be a torn cap and a scratched face, I soon wooed back the startled goddess. I have never but then enjoyed sleep for mere oblivion. When I returned to consciousness I found the situation unchanged, except that the list of casualties had been augmented by the constant rifle practice, which still continued as pitiless and as ceaseless as before.

But it was almost startling to see, on looking at the brick house, the Meg Merrilies of the night before standing at her threshold. With the same lost look of hopeless horror that her face had worn by candle-light, she gazed up and down our prostrate lines, and the disenchantment of day and sunshine failed to make her situation seem in any way prosaic and commonplace. The desolate part she had to play suited well her gaunt and witch-like features. Shading her eyes with her hand at last, as if to banish a vision and call her senses back to earth, she searched our lines once more; then, with a hopeless shake of the head, moved slowly back into the dismal little tomb she was forced to occupy. In which army was her husband? Did she search our lines and the dead ranks for any friend of hers? Was maternal anxiety added to the physical terrors of her forced isolation? Somebody in our line motioned her back eagerly, when she stood at her door—less, perhaps, from the danger to which she might be exposed

than to save her from the sight of the carnage in the field. Enough that was repulsive and horrible inside the house without seeing this, too.

The afternoon began to wane without any slackening of the enemy's fire, or rather with an increase of it, as we had been driven more and more to move with the giving out of our individual powers of endurance. Our shiftings were becoming more frequent and rapid. A sudden change drew plenty of fire, but it was much less accurate than hearty. Deliberation was often fatal, in allowing time for a careful aim.

Nature, thirst, weariness, a want of tobacco—all of these impelled to movements that were made at one's peril. Finally, a little desultory firing was attempted from the division on our left, which was in a more sheltered spot, and at an angle that hid them from the right flank guns that threatened us. And this grew more and more general, until at last it became an established practice, to cover individual movements that were more than mere turnings and shiftings on the ground. But this only grew up from small beginnings, and was established in such a gradual way that it excited no general action in the Rebel line. Ultimately, this fire proved a considerable help in disconcerting the Rebel aim—nearly a company opening fire whenever a man passed along the line. And as the day grew late, this was done with more and more confidence, as we had grown less fearful of the big guns on the right and the chance of a Rebel advance.

Slowly the sun declined. He had been our friend all day—shining through the December air with an autumn kindness that almost warmed the chill earth. But at his last half-hour he seemed to hang motionless in the western sky. His going down would set us free; free from the fire that was galling and decimating us; free from the fear of guns on the right and an advance in front; free from numbness, and constraint, and irksomeness, and free from the cold, wet earth. It would also bring us messengers from the town to call us back from our exposed position and the field of dead bodies. But he lingered and stood upon the order of his going, until it seemed as if a Joshua of the Confederates had caused him to stand still in the heavens, to give them a last chance to make Fredericksburg a triumph that should establish the success of the rebellion.

When, at last, the great disk stood large and red upon the horizon, every face was turned toward it, forgetting constraint, thirst, tobacco, and the Rebel fire, in the eagerness to see the end of a day that had brought us a new experience in a soldier's life, and had combined the dangers of a battle-field and the discomforts of a winter *bivouac* with many new horrors of its own.

At last the lingering sun went down—December twilights are short—and the Federal line sprang to its feet with almost a shout of relief. The Rebel fire grew brisker, as they saw such a swarm of blue-coats spring from the ground; but it was too late for them to see the fore-sights of their rifles, and shots unaimed were not so terrible as the hated ground. So we contemptuously emptied our rifles at them, and before the smoke rolled away the darkness had blotted out the wall and the Rebel line. With our line rose also a few men from the ghastly pile of yesterday's dead, who hobbled off on muskets used as crutches. These poor fellows had bound up their own wounds, and the coffee we could spare them cheered them into life and hope. Their cheerfulness grew into hilarity and merriment as they found themselves clear at last from the dead, and facing toward home with a hope not by any means so impossible of realization as it had seemed not long before. Poor fellows! their joy was more touching than their suffering, which, indeed, they seemed to have forgotten.

Of the line of our own brigade we found a loss of nearly one hundred and fifty, out of a present-for-duty strength of about one thousand men. This would have been a fair average loss in any ordinary battle; but we had suffered it as we lay on the ground, inactive, without the excitement and dash of battle, and without the chance to reply—a strain upon nerves and endurance which we afterward remembered as severer than many more fatal fields.

In the midst of our buzz of relief and mutual congratulation the expected summons came for us to fall back to the town. Once more we formed an upright line of battle, and then faced by the rear rank and marched in retreat, with muffled canteens and with many halts and facings about toward a possible Rebel pursuit. Reaching a slight bank, we descended to the meadow through which the Fredericksburg race-way was dug, and here we changed to a flank march and filed into the highway. The highway soon became a street, and we were once more in Fredericksburg.

This was the end of the first day after the battle. The best of Lee's opportunity was lost.

We marched past the court-house, schools, churches, banks, and private houses—all lighted and in use for hospital purposes, although many of the wounded had been transferred across the river. Even the door-yards had their litter-beds, and were well filled with wounded men, and the dead were laid in rows for burial. The hospital lights, the camp fires in the streets, and the smoldering ruins of burned buildings, with the mixture of the lawless rioting of the demoralized stragglers and the suffering and death of the hospitals, gave the sacked and gutted town the look of Pandemonium.

In our new freedom we wandered about for the first half of the night, loth to lie upon the earth again after one day's experience. At last we spread our blankets on a sidewalk, and slept in the lurid firelight with a sense of safety hardly warranted by the facts of our position.

Early in the morning we were awakened by some mistaken dogs, who did not understand the present use we were making of the sidewalk. We made our toilets in wanton plenty. We enjoyed the luxury of water from a pump, and bathed in its falling splash. Our contraband brought a box of soap, and an uncut, unhemmed bolt of toweling from the despised plunder of a store. The same source gave us a table-cloth at our breakfast. This we spread upon the sidewalk, and furnished with variously assorted crockery from an ownerless pantry. Cabbage, fresh from a kitchen garden, with vinegar from the deserted kitchen, added a welcome and unusual luxury to the meal. And, at the end, we rolled dishes and *debris* together into the paved gutter, with a comprehensive pull at the table-cloth. This was the holiday of war—vastly different from the morning which, twenty-four hours before, had rolled away a fog and pinned us to the earth with bullets.

But, though far more comfortable, we were hardly safer here than on the field of yesterday. Lee might open his guns at any moment upon a town groaning with hospitals and huddled with a repulsed army.

The drum-beat called us into line. We went through a roll-call and something like a dress-parade, without music; then stacked arms along the curb-stone, and mounted sentinels over the line of unslung knapsacks. A bright, beautiful day, and the freedom of an empty, plundered city, were before us.

In the midst of this destruction came advertising enterprise. A bill-poster, with paste-pot and brush, walked about the dangerous streets and posted his "Notice to Soldiers," wherein we were duly notified of the excellence of somebody's process of "embalming the dead." This was not cheerful, surely; but Fredericksburg was lugubrious, and these handbills were in harmony.

The town was a curiosity of pillage. Who could have found time to turn all the houses and streets so completely wrong-side out? The Rebels had held it for a day or two, while our guns north of the river had poured in iron enough, it seemed, to pave all its streets. A shell, by the way, does not destroy a building, whether of brick or wood. A city cannot be knocked down by shells. They may set fires in wooden buildings, but they can only punch a round hole in entering and another in making their exit, flake off plastering, destroy furniture, and scatter the laths and timbers that oppose their course. Not a building in the city was free from shell-holes; some of them had a great many.

Fredericksburg was dilapidated, perforated, abandoned by its citizens, and plundered by its friends. And the Federal troops completed the pillage begun by the enemy. Stragglers and troops, demoralized by defeat, roamed over it, and turned its merchandise into the streets. Lawless soldiers and contrabands slept in its upper chambers and robbed its dwellings. Jewelers' show-cases were thrown out of doors; books, papers, stationery, bedding, dry-goods, were piled on sidewalks or kicked about the streets; bundles of old letters, files of business correspondence, bills, invoices, and law papers littered the door-yards and the dirty floors. All of the houses were alike in broken glass, broken furniture, floors littered with paper, rubbish and broken plastering over all. We looked into a few parlors, and saw that the hand of the barbarian had been ruthlessly laid upon the family gallery of daguerreotypes and the family library from the Patent Office.

At one time during the day, a shout arose from a cellar full of smoking rafters and ashes, and Confederate bonds and Virginia bank-notes were unearthed and scattered over the streets. An iron safe had yielded to blows and heat, and this despised paper came forth to mock the spoiler. Yet the bonds had a value at that day; and the Fredericksburg battle itself gave them an upward impetus among confiding Englishmen. One or two financiers in the ranks put a package or two into their knapsacks, and afterward sold them in foreign markets. The Virginia bank-notes were afterward found negotiable for greenbacks, without much discount, in any part of the state.

The sack and pillage continued all day; and all day the slow procession of the wounded was moving across the river. Defeat and pillage had reduced the army to the minimum of effectiveness; but caution still ruled the Confederate camp.

At last, a rumor came that Lee had sent a formal notice to withdraw the wounded, as he meant to fire on the town. The cannonade was to open at four o'clock. Troops were gathered into ranks, and under arms. General Burnside and staff rode through the streets, and something like an army was once more collected from the mass of demoralization. The time fixed came and passed; the pillage ceased; we stood to our arms; the stream of ambulances grew smaller and smaller. But no fire opened; and the sun went down on the second day after the battle, and upon the last hour of Lee's great opportunity.

At evening, we were again an army of some power. The city front was picketed in heavy lines, and detailed parties threw up earthworks. All the available troops were moved to the outer streets, and the last of the wounded and the artillery were sent back over the river. The unemployed part of our command was quartered in a church, and most of the officers in a law-office near it. Toward morning the recrossing of the infantry began. In a drizzle of rain and a dismal mist we stood in silent, wakeful ranks along the streets, from four o'clock till seven; then we fell back, street by street, forming our lines of battle on each. As the picket-line withdrew, the Rebel skirmishers advanced. The withdrawal was accomplished—as the battle had begun—with skirmish-firing in the streets.

Through the infinite mud of the landing we floundered to the one remaining pontoon-bridge, and by ten o'clock were on the north bank of the Rappahannock. Then the skirmish-line recrossed, the engineers removed the bridge—and the Rebels again held the town.

At great sacrifice of life and prestige, the North accomplished only another failure; but the Rebellion lost, perhaps, its greatest opportunity.

BEAUTY.

Beautiful faces, they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there,
It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are they that do
The work of the noble, good, and true,
Busy for them the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe,
Through summer's heat or the winter's snow.

Beautiful children, if rich or poor,
Who walk the pathways sweet and pure,
That lead to the mansions strong and sure.

☞ Jimmy M—— was one of the bright boys, and although but seven or eight years old, had evinced a love for wealth, and looked forward to the time when he should be a rich man. One morning, at breakfast, his aunt informed him that during the night a pair of twins had been added to the family, which already consisted of three besides Jimmy. The boy dropped his knife and fork, and exclaimed: "Gracious! Aunt Mary, if father and mother keep on at this rate, there won't be fifty dollars to divide amongst us!"

The Onondaga Giant.

SYRACUSE, November 10.

It is now settled that the "Onondaga Giant," of which there has been so much said and written, for several weeks past, is the greatest discovery of the age.

HISTORY OF THE DISCOVERY.

About the middle of October last, "Stub" Newell, of Cardiff, Onondaga County, some twelve miles from Syracuse, commenced digging a well for water, near his barnyard, and when he delved about two and a half feet, struck the feet of a stone giant. He unearthed the monster and found it surprisingly beautiful. He at once repaired to Syracuse, gave the information to the press, and sought scientific gentlemen to visit it. Professor Boynton, and several other physicians, proceeded to the Newell farm and viewed the relic. Professor Boynton came then to the conclusion that it was a statue, made of gypsum—belonging to the archæological age. Professor Hall, of Albany, State Geologist, was sent for, and made an examination, November 8, and came to the same conclusion as that of Professor Boynton. Mr. Newell had previously put up a tent over the body, as it lay in the grave, and receives thousands of visitors daily from every quarter, charging them fifty cents a head. Parties from Syracuse clubbed together and purchased three-fourths interest of Mr. Newell for $30,000, he reserving one-quarter, for which he has been since offered fabulous prices. The giant was removed to Syracuse on the 4th inst., where it is now on exhibition, and visited daily by thousands of people, many of whom step off the cars to take a look at the gigantic stone man.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GIANT.

He is 10 feet 4½ inches long, and a beautiful, symmetrical figure. His head is 21 inches long, and well proportioned, and combativeness amply developed. He measures 4 feet across the chest. His body lies partly on the side, with the left hand under him and his right hand across his abdomen, and one foot crosses the other; his head and chest resting nearly square, as if representing a person in death; his countenance most beautifully and peacefully expressive. He weighs 1,990 pounds. The back of the head is partly washed away, so are the ears, soles of the feet, and the back parts of the legs. Some pebbles are embedded in the back, from which fact, and that the water has disintegrated and furrowed deep channels along the back, it is conclusive to the professors that this statue, or fossil, has lain in his grave for ages.

THE PETRIFIED THEORY.

Although Professors Hall, Boynton and others, contend that the soft parts of animals cannot petrify, there are many learned doctors in Central New York, and elsewhere in the state, who hold to the contrary opinion, and, in proof of which, adduce much evidence to sustain themselves. A case of Captain Cady, near Chittenango, Madison County, is cited. He was buried eighteen years ago, and exhumed four years since, and found to be *entirely petrified*, his face and body resembling the limestone and gypsum found in that region. Professor Wm. Velaskon, late Principal of Yates Polytechnic Institute, made that examination. The Schenectady Union mentions a case of one Howe, a soldier of the Revolution, who was buried thirty years ago, was disentombed six years since, and found entirely petrified. The wife of Simeon Luce, Virgil Corners, was buried thirty-seven years, and the body was found petrified. The mother of Gael Lewis, Blodget's Mills, was unearthed, and found precisely as the body of Mrs. Luce. A Mr. Glenny was exhumed, in the Virgil Cemetery, five years ago, and his arms and legs were petrified entirely, and his body well advanced toward petrifaction. These facts are all substantiated by authentic testimony. Notwithstanding the opinions of some professors that bodies of flesh will not petrify, three-fourths of our learned men here scout at the idea, and go so far as to assert that this giant is a fossil. They contend that where the giant was found, in a plaster, limestone, and gypsum bed, with a stream of water coursing constantly through it, petrifaction could take place. That in 1795, in the same town, Tully, petrified oyster, clam, and scollop shells were found, as also specimens of trilobite and other extinct species of crustacea were found in the earliest fossiliferous strata. That many evidences are on record of the settlement of the French Jesuits here as early as the fifteenth century, and that in excavating many articles of domestic economy have been found in this country bearing dates of antiquity, and must have been used by a race of people of great proportions, as skeletons between seven and eight feet high have been unearthed in four adjoining towns. This theory, coupled with the fact that the giant was buried in a peculiar manner, with all sorts of brushwood heaped upon him, and he being as perfectly made on the back as in front, even to minuteness of the fingers on the hand lying directly under him, has every appearance of petrifaction, and puts the question beyond doubt.

Indeed, I must confess, this theory is rapidly gaining ground. If the monster is a statuary, then it is the most perfectly chiseled one since the days of Phidias's Minerva. Professor Hall was here last evening and remarked that it looked every way finer than when he viewed it in its grave. Said he, "The more I look upon it the more beautiful and perfect it appears. It is the greatest discovery of this age." So all think. As you gaze upon it you are impressed with its beauty in feature, body and limb. A face beaming with intelligence, a placid expression that seems to baffle the skill of any human chisel, a head with even every organ well defined and developed, a chest that in every form shows physical accuracy, as also the arms, body, and legs, in *every particular*, proves to be the "human form divine." It confounds professors, anatomists, and sculptors, as to whether it is a statuary or a fossil!

AS TO GIANTS.

Many more people would incline to believe that this "wonder" had once lived and trod the earth, could they fully reconcile themselves to the fact that there had "been giants in those days." If we believe the Bible, we must admit that fact. The mixed posterity of Seth and Cain were giants before the flood. Ham's posterity who distinguished for several families of giants. Og, the King of Bashan, who was routed in battle and his kingdom seized by Moses, occupied an iron bedstead fifteen feet four and a half inches in length—see Deut. 3d chapter, 11th verse. We find various accounts of giants in Deut. ii., 10—21; Numb., xiii., 2—33; Josh., xi., 21; and iv., 15; and xv., 13—17; and xi., 22; 2 Sam. xxi., and 1 Chron. xx. Not only in Scripture, but in Homer, Herodotus, Diodorus, Pliny, Plutarch, Virgil, Ovid, &c., we find giants, and why is it impossible for us to exhume them now, if they ever inhabited this country, as it is believed a race of some kind of people settled here 1,200 years ago? Whether this is a statuary or a fossil it amounts to but little, as the giant *draws* the greatest number of people daily I ever saw by any one being, dead or alive. If the tide of visitors increases as it has for a few days past, the giant need not travel abroad for "stamps," very soon.—*N. Y. World.*

A Mormon Temple in New York City.

The New York Times says:

A Mormon temple is to be erected in this city within the coming year. A committee, at whose disposal the requisite funds will be placed by the Mormons in this country, has been appointed to choose a suitable site and to make the necessary arrangements for the edifice. They have nearly completed their plans, and meet next week to draw up a report of their proceedings, which will be laid before the Saints and elders ruling the sect in America.

This building, which will cost at least $500,000, is to be a house of reception for Mormon emigrants from Europe and a resting place for the travelling brethren of the United States. A portion of it will be set apart for the accommodation of unprotected females, who, because of the general belief that they are polygamists, are looked upon as loose characters, and are beset by men for no other than vicious purposes. Apartments will be furnished also for the use of missionary saints and elders sojourning in this section to watch over the religious welfare of the faithful scattered throughout the Eastern states. This temple they will make their Eastern headquarters, whence they will journey from time to time to make a circuit North and South among the various Mormon communities. In the centre of the building will be erected a house of worship, from which the whole will take the name of Temple. The establishment will be ruled by a resident saint, assisted by a number of elders and a regular board of commissioners, all of whom are to be appointed by the government at Utah.

This enterprise has been on foot for some time, as the maturity of the plan indicates, and the purchase of a satisfactory location will be made within a month or two. The reasons for the erection of such an establishment are the increase of Mormon emigration and the difficulties under which the emigrants labor on their arrival here. There is hardly a European packet comes to our shores that does not bring a Mormon family. Agents are stationed in all parts of Europe, whose duty it is to send to the United States such of the faithful as are ready and willing to travel Westward toward Utah, their promised land. Most of them are Swedes, Germans, Welsh, English, and Scotch, and have no friends or relatives in the Atlantic states. They were regularly consigned by the European to the agent in New York, whose business it is to look after and provide them with boarding places until they can shift for themselves. Like most other strangers in our city, they often fall into the hands of the harpies who are ever on the watch for like unsuspecting prey, and are mulcted of their money, despoiled of their effects, and left to wander houseless and homeless through our streets. With men this is bad enough, but with the females it is terrible. Their miseries in many instances only began with robbery and starvation. The fate of living death is often theirs. These dangers will be lessened, if not entirely obviated, by the existence of the Mormon Temple. Emigrants will step from the ship to it, where they will find warm friends ready to shelter and aid them. The Mormons are fast becoming a large sect among us. They are numerous in this city and Brooklyn, although so quietly has Mormonism grown up in our midst that its progress has been scarcely observed by the general public. At present there are upward of three hundred families of Latter-Day Saints in Brooklyn, and as many, if not more, in New York. They have a church in Brooklyn which is open to all comers, and are governed by a saint and several elders. These people ever look forward to the day which will see them located in the City of the Saints and their prophet Brigham Young. They are all well off and in good business circumstances, and bear excellent characters among their Christian neighbors. Every Sunday is spent in devotional exercises at their church, which is well filled from 9 A. M. until 9 P. M.

In their business transactions with Christians they are scrupulously honest, and where they deal once they invariably strive to keep up the connection. It seems to be their object, however, to trade as little as possible with those who are not of their creed, in consequence of which they do not come so much under the notice of outsiders, and are so little known to the public. Some of the men, it is said, have as many as four and five wives living in different parts of the city. No doubt it may seem curious to the reader that polygamy can be practiced in a city where the laws against it are so stringent. But the Mormons do not marry their wives according to the common law of the state; they live in a state of concubinage, amenable to no law. Our reporter had an interesting interview with a celebrated Mormon dignitary yesterday. This gentleman is an elder and a practical polygamist, having, we were informed, eleven wives at present. He was very affable and communicative, and spoke without the slightest embarrassment on some of the most delicate topics connected with his religion. He invited investigation, he said, and had no doubt of being able to convince the most skeptical of the truth of the Mormon doctrines. He had oftentimes met with men who sought him at first for amusement's sake, and to laugh at what they were pleased to term Joe Smith's humbug. To them he accorded an interview and bore good-humoredly their sneers and mocking, and invited them to attend a prayer meeting of the Mormons. They accepted and entered the house of worship full of vainglorious thoughts, and prepared to satirize everything they saw and heard. He had watched them narrowly, had seen their smirk and sarcastically curling lip at the commencement of the service. Then he noted the gradual change to attention, then the look of deepening interest, and at the close of the first service felt the nervous grasp of their hands accompanied by the apologetic look for former levity. They went home from that service confounded, and returned to the next with an earnest desire to learn more about this new religion. From that time to others, step by step, he watched them, sometimes standing aloof, and sometimes stretching forth the supporting arm of advice to prevent their stumbling in the darkness of error, until he finally felt the enthusiastic grip of their hands, as they told him that the light had broken in upon their souls, and they believed, rejoiced, and were Mormons.

Speaking of the temple, he said that the committee had orders to push the enterprise along as fast as they could and to hasten its completion. Being asked how much money, if any, had been appropriated for it, he answered that no fixed sum had been yet set apart for the work, but that whatever the committee having the matter in hand considered necessary would be immediately forthcoming, as the Mormons were well off, many of them wealthy, and all prepared to furnish any sum commensurate with their means. Earnestly hoping to meet us in the vale beyond the mountain, he bade our reporter good-by, who departed, obtaining from him the promise that next week he would furnish us with a clear statement of the plan, cost, and location of the Mormon temple.

Anecdotes of the Early Days of Louis Napoleon.

Louis Napoleon was in the habit of taking long and extensive rides amongst the mountains in the environs of Arenenberg. One day, on approaching a village, on the lofty table-land which commands the lake of Constance, his attention was attracted by the cries of alarm uttered by a throng of people. Two horses, harnessed to an open calash, were furiously running away in the direction of the precipice which is close at hand. The coachman had been thrown from his box, but a lady and two children remained in the carriage. Louis Napoleon, perceiving their danger, galloped after them across country, over hill and dale, and reaching the calash just at the edge of the abyss, he seized one of the horses by the bridle so violently as to throw it on its side, and stop the carriage, and of course save the persons in it. The *tableau* which followed, the applause of the spectators, the gratitude of the lady and her children, &c., are left to the reader's imagination.

The second exploit was even cooler—in one sense of the word. During the winter of 1823 or 1820, while on a visit to his aunt, the Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden, Louis Napoleon was walking along the banks of the Rhine with his two cousins, the Princesses Josephine and Marie of Baden, accompanied by several persons of the grand-ducal court. The conversation turned on the French gallantry of olden times. The Princess Mary, in her piquant and original style, lauded the days of chivalry. She extolled above measure the devotion of the gallants whose device was *Dieu; mon roi, et ma dame*, "God, my king, and my lady fair," and who faithfully carried it out through all sorts of perils and sacrifices. With this picture of bygone virtues she contrasted the vices and the selfishness of modern times.

Louis Napoleon took up the debate with the warmth and spirit natural to his age. He maintained that, in respect to courage and gallantry, the French had not degenerated a whit; and that they still were ready to do for their ladies whatever their forefathers had done, adding that "in all times devotion had never been wanting to women who deserved and were worthy to inspire it."

At that moment they arrived at the spot where the Necker makes its junction with the Rhine, fighting hard to force its way into the giant river. In winter the scene is most picturesque, offering the aspect of a stormy sea, and was, in fact, the object of the walk. As they lingered on the causeway-dyke which skirts the Necker, a gust of wind carried off a flower from the Princess Marie's hair, and blew it into the rushing waters.

"Look there!" said the thoughtless girl, with a laugh, and pointing to the flower hurried away by the current. "That would have been an excellent opportunity for a cavalier of the olden time."

"Aha, cousin!" exclaimed Louis Napoleon. "That's a challenge. Very well; I accept it;" and immediately plunged, dressed as he was, into the rapid stream.

We can conceive the flutter and the fright of the Grand Duchess, the court ladies, and all the rest. It was a terrible breach of etiquette to make such a sensational scene. The Princess Marie loudly bewailed her folly; the others screamed, shouted for help, or uttered feminine cries of despair. With some, there was a demand for smelling-salts and aromatic vinegar. None jumped into the water to pull him out.

Meanwhile, the Prince swam bravely, struggling with the violence of the waves. Those who have felt the current of the Rhine know what sort of swimming it is. He disappeared, and reappeared, and then disappeared and reappeared again. Finally reaching the bank safe and sound, but shivering, with the flower of mischief in his hand.

"Here it is; take it, cousin," he said. "But, for heaven's sake," he continued, laughing, and pointing to his dripping garments, "never more talk to me about your cavaliers of the olden time."

☞ The "rainy season" of California is shown by statistics to be a slight shower in comparison with the recent flood at the East.

☞ Louise Muhlbach, whose historical novels have been so widely read, has abandoned her intention of making a lecturing tour through the United States. A professor of medicine in the Berlin University is responsible for this change of plan, for he has induced Mrs Muhlbach to marry him.

☞ It is reported that George Peabody has left an estate of $1,600,000, which is distributed by will among twenty-nine persons.

☞ Prof. Mallory, of Trinity College, at Hartford, will soon erect a building for the trial, on a limited scale, of the co-operative principle of labor-saving in housekeeping which is proposed in Boston. The upper stories will be rented to various tenants, and the basement and kitchen will be devoted to the cooking, washing and ironing of all the families living in the different stories.

☞ The people of Abyssinia are so well aware of the great loss which their country has suffered by the death of Theodorus, that they have begun to venerate him as a saint. The German missionaries in Abyssinia report that thousands of pilgrims visit his grave, where a number of miracles are said to have occurred.

☞ Dr. Charles W. Stearns sagely says of woman in our country, that while "her exactions are rapidly increasing, her attractions are steadily decreasing."

Henry Clay.

In his day it was the habit of the polite world of the capital, dressed in their gayest, to repair to the Senate Chamber to listen to him whenever he spoke. Clay was everybody's pet. No man has ever had such adulation since. No man has ever got habitually such brilliant and splendid audiences for his orating as he. Those were days of grand debate, when the press had not gained so much prestige—before oratory had given way in Congress to the reporters. There were no holes in the sky then, and you could not prick an orator, like a bubble, with a witty sarcasm. Clay never disappointed. He would not have dared. But he dared things that no other man then or now would dare. At the end of a brilliant passage, he would pause deliberately and walk six steps across the aisle, to Robert J. Walker's snuff box; and, taking a pinch gracefully between his finger and thumb, return to his desk, and put it with such ineffable distinction to his nostrils, the whole audience was ready to burst into applause. With any other man, that would have been ridiculous. Clay made it sublime. It was the great king going to bed in the presence of his admiring courtiers.

CLAY AND WEBSTER.—Everybody that remembers, tries to describe to you the difference in bearing of those two men. It is said that whenever a man was introduced to Clay, even on the Senate floor, he took him by the hand and asked him interestedly of his family and other matters. If he met him a year later, he would remember his name. In this he captivated everybody. Webster would receive the visitor, extending his hand to him stiffly, pronouncing with his sepulchral bass, a "How do you do, sir?" turning away, perhaps, as he uttered it. Those two remarkable presences were frequently brought together at a dinner party, or were seen topping head and shoulders above the guests of a drawing-room soiree. There their differences of character cropped out most visibly. Clay gracefully flattered everybody he met, no matter how homely. Webster was dignified and tenderly respectful, never losing for an instant his ponderous poise of manner. His eyebrows were so heavy, they called them shoe brushes. Nobody ever looked up there without feeling them hang over him, like the cloud of his intellect. Women were no exception to it; but their admiration of his sombre strength sometimes reached to affection.

THE Journal of Chemistry expostulates with manufacturers, dealers, and consumers, concerning adulterations of food and medicines. Sand is mixed with sugar; turmeric, logwood, and less harmless substances with spices; coffee and tea contain various foreign compounds; soda and cream of tartar are seldom purely what they pretend to be. Hence the difficulty which housekeepers and cooks so often experience in making nice biscuit—the soda or cream of tartar is adulterated, and one must experiment to learn what proportions must be used. We have heard a large wholesale druggist say that scarcely *any* pure cream of tartar was retailed—it was almost universally adulterated, sometimes by the wholesale and sometimes by the retail dealers. The Journal recommends that housekeepers and purchasers generally *demand* pure articles of their grocers, if they want them, on the understanding that they are willing to pay a fair price for them. Otherwise the growing evils of adulteration will never be removed.

☞ John Russell and wife, of West Concord, N. H., have been married seventy-two years, and have fifty-four great grandchildren and one great great great grandchild.

☞ Absinthe, it is asserted, is drunk in New York city to an alarming extent, being as regularly sold as wine or ale.

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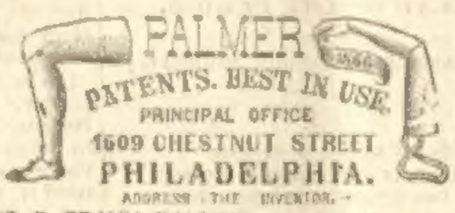

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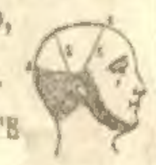

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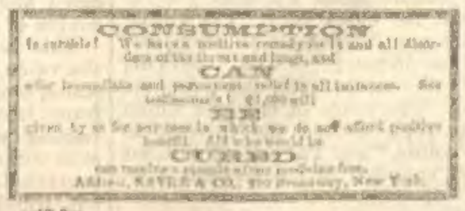

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It will be valuable to all who are interested in the science of advertising.—*Sunday Herald, Boston, Mass.*

For practical information in regard to the newspapers and periodicals of our country, it is unsurpassed.—*Words for Jesus, Rockford, Ill.*

It is "a new thing under the sun," and a most complete guide to the newspaper business of the United States.—*Press and Messenger, Knoxville, Tenn.*

It surpasses all the newspaper directories ever published either in America or Europe. So complete a work has long been wanted in this country.—*City Item, Philadelphia, Pa.*

The work is handsomely printed and the matter contained in it most splendidly arranged. Rowell & Co. have supplied a work which was much needed by advertisers and editors in all parts of the country.—*New York Weekly.*

Forwarded on Receipt of Price, $5.

GEO. P. ROWELL, & CO., Publishers,
No. 40 Park Row, New York.

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SLEEPING COLLAR

For Retaining Bed Clothes over Children.

Allows perfect freedom of movement. *Effectually secures the bed-clothes.* Applied in a moment, and requires no further trouble.

From Mrs. Stowe's *Hearth and Home*, Aug. 14.

"A simple and effective contrivance for keeping the bed-clothes on children who kick in their sleep. Parents who find that their children are constantly taking cold because they throw the covering off, can surely afford to invest a dollar in an article which obviates this difficulty."

Sent, post-paid, on receipt of $1. State age of child.

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OUR MOTTO IS

TO XL ALL,

Both in quality and quantity of goods, as our agents will testify, being the oldest house in the country, selling each article for one dollar, shipping all goods the day the order is received, having a large stock to select from of first-class goods, bought expressly for full trade; and to satisfy all that we are reliable, we give below (reference by permission), Jordan, Marsh & Co.; Geo. S. Winslow & Co.; Boston Silver Glass Co.; Lee & Shepard.

P. S. Send for circular. Address EASTMAN & KENDALL, 25 Hawley St., Boston. P. O. Box E.

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ANTIDOTE FOR INTEMPERANCE

Is an infallible cure for this fearful vice. Its use will at once remove the taste or desire for stimulants, and will soon create an actual dislike for them. It can be administered in tea, coffee, or even water, without exciting suspicion, as it is free from taste or smell. ☞ **Every Victim of Intemperance can be Cured.** Price $2 per box. Sent free by mail on receipt of the money. Sold by druggists, or address GEO. R. ROBINSON & CO., Druggists, corner Court and Harrison Sts., Brooklyn, New York.

STAMMERING cured by *Bates' Appliances.* For descriptive pamphlet, address *Simpson & Co.*, Box 5076, New York.

TO THE WORKING CLASS. We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To each as are not well satisfied, we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, a valuable sample, which will do to commence work on, and a copy of *The People's Literary Companion*—one of the largest and best family newspapers published—all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address E. C. ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Maine.

COMMON SENSE!

WANTED—AGENTS.—$250 per month to sell the only *GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.* Price only $18. Great inducements to agents. This is the most popular Sewing Machine of the day—makes the famous "Elastic Lock Stitch"—will do any kind of work that can be done on any machine—100,000 sold and the demand constantly increasing. Now is the time to take an agency. Send for circulars. ☞ *Beware of infringers.* ☜ Address SECOMB & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburg, Pa., or St. Louis, Mo.

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NEW YORK OBSERVER.

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SIDNEY E. MORSE, JR., & CO.,
37 Park Row, New York.

$1140. How I made it in 6 months. Secret and sample mailed free. *A. J. Fuller*, New York.

THE MAGIC COMB will change any colored hair or beard to a permanent Black or Brown. One Comb sent by mail for $1. For sale by merchants and druggists generally. Address *Magic Comb Co., Springfield, Mass.*

KNIT—KNIT—KNIT.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to sell the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE, the only practical family Knitting Machine ever invented. Price $25. Will knit 20,000 stitches per minute. Address AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED.—Light work, good pay. A Sample 10c., retails at 20c. B. GERR, Shiremanstown, Pa.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Prompt Witness.

Perhaps one of the most enjoyable things in a modern court of justice, where not unfrequently innocent witnesses, who are losing patience, time and money, in their compulsory occupancy of the witness stand, (which is a pillory,) are "bullyragged" and tormented—is the torturing in return of some impudent, unfeeling advocate. A good case in point, is this:

In a court not more than about five thousand miles away from the city of Gotham, a legal gentleman had gone through the various stages of bar pleading, and had coaxed, and threatened, and bullied witnesses to his heart's content, when it chanced that a very stupid fellow, an hostler, was called upon the stand. He was, in fact, simplicity personified. The counsel, it should be premised, had made a great fuss about the previous witnesses speaking so low that he could not hear them.

"Now, sir," said the learned counsel, "I hope we shall have no difficulty in making you speak up."

He himself spoke rudely loud.

"I hope not, sir!" shouted out the witness in such bellowing tones that they fairly shook the building.

"How dare you speak in that way, sir!" demanded the counsel.

"Can't speak no louder!" he shouted, louder than before, as if to atone for his fault in speaking too low.

"Have you been drinking this morning?" asked the lawyer, who had now entirely lost the command of his temper at the roars of laughter which burst from a crowded audience.

"Yes, sir," said the witness, frankly.

"And what have you been drinking, sir? Look at the jury—don't look at me, sir, in that way."

"Coffee, sir."

"Did you have anything in your coffee, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so," said the counsel, with a glance at the jury. "Well, sir," continued the learned counsel, "you say you had 'something' in your coffee. State to the jury, if you please, what that 'something' was."

"Sugar, sir," answered the witness, without a movement of a muscle.

There was another burst of "furtive laughter" throughout the court-room.

"This man is no fool, your honor," addressing the Court, "but he is something worse. Now, witness, you must come to the point. Had you anything else in your coffee besides sugar?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes—you had? (Well, we are likely to get at the truth, after all his turning and twisting to the contrary notwithstanding.) Well, sir, what else was it you had in your coffee?"

"A spune, sir!" shouted the witness. "Do I make you hear me, Squire?—a spune!"

That was the last witness, and the last of him on the stand. Here the trial was adjourned until the next day.

Josh Billings' Farmers' Almanax.

Marriage tew a coquette iz often "letters ov marque and reprisal."

It iz very diffikult for a poor man tew be superior tew hiz fortune, and more diffikult for a rich one.

The devil iz said to be the "father ov lies;" if this is so, he has got a numerous family, and sum very promising children amungst them.

How menny people thare is whose souls hang in them, like the pith in a goose quil.

Pick apples now, and cider make,
And in a barrel juice it,
Then git a straw, without a flaw,
And through the straw seduce it.

A debt is alwus a growing; if it don't gro in size, it grows in heft.

There iz lots ov folks in the world who covet misfortins ji t for the luxury ov grunting.

I thank God most fervently for one thing, and that iz, when everybody else is happy, i am sure to be.

Love is sed tew be blind, but i kno lots ov phellows in love who kan see twice as mutch in their sweethearts as i kan.

If yu want tew git a sure krop and a big yield, sow wild oats.

In youth we run into difficultys, in old age difficultys run into us.

When roosters are observed before daylite in the morning, soreing amung the klouds, and uttering lamentashuns, then look out for sum sudden weather, and a severe pucker in the money market.

When you see 13 geese, walking injun file, and toeing in, yu kan deliberately bet yure last surviving dollar on a hard winter, and a grate fluxtuousness during the next season in the price of cow-hide boots.

If pigs squeal in the night, and grasshoppers cum oph ov their roost, and mingle in a free fight, yu may hope for high winds in a few weeks, and also the typhus fever in yure naberhood.

When spiders are seen climbing up the wall backwards, and frogs cough as tho they had the hickups, look out fur rain; this iz also a sure sign that children will have the measles light.

If bees hang around their hives, and mules are seen in a brown studdy, a storm ov sum kind iz cooking, and yu will notis the market for herring iz very cadaverous, and shifty.

Jist before a heavy sno storm ov 3 foot deep, chimbly swallows are unkommon skarse, and in the moral world thare iz a grate laziness in the agytashun of the temperance question.

When hens lay 2 eggs a day, and men cease tew brag, and wimmin cease tew cackle, then injun summer draws ni, and the millenium aint fur oph.

☞ "Did you know," said a cunning Gentile to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and jackasses together in Portland?" "Indeed!" retorted Solomon, "den it ish vell dat you and I ish not dere."

☞ A little girl in Jersey, seeing the sign "Wholesale and Retail," came home one day and said, "What funny signs you do have here. There is one up town which says, "For sale, rat tail."

☞ Mrs. Partington says she did not marry her second husband because she loved the male sex, but because he was just the size of her first husband, and could wear out his old clothes.

THOSE PLAGUEY PUNSTERS.

ENTHUSIASTIC ETYMOLOGIST.—"I say, Brown, did it ever strike you what an insane looking word 'fruiterer' is? Why couldn't we as well say 'fruiter?'"

BROWN (punster as above).—"Well, yes—looks very like an *errer*, don't it?"

An Anxious Father.

P. T. Barnum relates the following:—The managers of railroads running west from Chicago pretty rigidly enforce a rule excluding from certain reserved cars all gentlemen travelling without ladies. As I do not smoke, I avoided the smoking cars; and as the ladies' car was sometimes more select and always more comfortable than the other cars, I tried various expedients to smuggle myself in. If I saw a lady about to enter the car alone, I followed closely, hoping thus to elude the vigilance of the brakeman, who generally acted as doorkeeper. But the car Cerberus is pretty well up to all such dodges, and I did not always succeed. On one occasion, seeing a young couple, evidently just married, and starting on a bridal tour, about to enter the car, I followed closely, but was stopped by the doorkeeper, who called out—

"How many gentlemen are with this lady?"

I have always noticed that young newly-married people are very fond of saying "my husband" and "my wife;" they are new terms which sound pleasantly to the ears of those who utter them; so in answer to the peremptory inquiry of the doorkeeper, the bridegroom promptly responded—

"I am this lady's husband."

"And I guess you can see by the resemblance between the lady and myself," said I to Cerberus, "that I am her father."

The astounded husband and the blushing bride were too much "taken aback" to deny their newly-discovered parent, but the brakeman said, as he permitted the young couple to pass into the car—

"We can't pass all creation with one lady."

"I hope you will not deprive me of the company of my child during the little time we can remain together," I said, with a demure countenance. The brakeman evidently sympathized with the fond "parient" whose feelings were sufficiently lacerated at losing his daughter through her finding a husband, and I was permitted to pass. I immediately apologized to the young bride and her husband, and told them who I was, and my reasons for the assumed paternity, and they enjoyed the joke so heartily that they called me "father" during our entire journey together. Indeed, the husband privately and slyly hinted to me that the first boy should be christened "P. T."

The Doctrine of Necessity.

Sheridan had a great distaste for anything like metaphysical discussions, whereas Tom tried one day to discuss with his father the doctrine of necessity.

"Pray, good father," said he, "did you ever do anything in a state of perfect indifference—without motive, I mean of some kind or other?"

Sheridan, who saw what was coming, and by no means relishing such subjects, even from Tom, or anybody else, said—

"Yes, certainly."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed!"

"What, total indifference—total, entire, thorough indifference?"

"Yes, total, entire, thorough indifference!"

"My dear father, tell me what it is you can do with total, thorough indifference?"

"Why, listen to you, Tom," said Sheridan.

This rebuff, as Tom told me, so disconcerted him, that he had never forgotten it, nor had he ever again troubled his father with any of his metaphysics.—*Moore's Memories.*

PAT, the favorite hostler of Gen. B., of Sherman's Georgia army, got on one occasion unmistakably drunk. The General gave him a lecture on discipline—the duties of a soldier towards his superiors, and temperance—rather mixed, but *very strong*, and concluded as follows: "Why, you were drunk yesterday, too." "Yes, sir," Pat promptly replied. "And you're drunk again." "Very drunk," said Pat; "I know it to my sorrow, General." "I won't allow this any more; if it occurs again I'll send you to your regiment for extra duty. I'm willing that you may get drunk half as often as I do—won't that do you?" "Well," said Pat, grinning, "I dunno, General; *you'll keep me pretty busy.*" The roars of laughter which greeted this reply caused the General to "strike his colors," and Pat retired with an extra ration, supplied by the General himself.

☞ A marrying bachelor anxiously asks if it would be of any use to attempt to make love to a young lady after one has stood on her dress till he could hear the gathers rip at the waist?

☞ Ka-besh-co-da-way advertises for a wife in a Minnesota paper. He already has three, but says his "wigwam and heart very big."

A BALLAD OF THE PERIOD.

[FROM CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL.]

PART I.

The auld wife sat at her ivied door
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese,*)
A thing she had frequently done before;
And her knitting reposed on her aproned knees.

The piper he piped on the hill-top high
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese,*)
Till the cow said, "I die," and the goose asked "Why?"
And the dog said nothing, but searched for fleas.

The farmer he strode through the dim farm-yard
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese;*)
His last brew of cider had turned out hard—
The connection of which with the plot one sees.

The farmer's daughter hath frank blue eyes
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese;*)
She hears the rook caw in the windy skies,
As she sits at her lattice and shells her peas.

The farmer's daughter hath ripe red lips
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese;*)
If you try to approach her, away she skips
Over tables and chairs with apparent ease.

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese;*)
And I met with a ballad, I can't tell where,
Which mainly consisted of lines like these.

PART II.

She sat with her hands 'neath her dimpled cheeks
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese,*)
And spake not a word. While a lady speaks
There is hope—but *she* didn't even sneeze.

She sat, with her hands 'neath her crimson cheeks
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese;*)
She gave up mending her father's breeks,
And let the cat roll in her best chemise.

She sat with her hands 'neath her burning cheeks
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese,*)
And gazed at the piper for thirteen weeks;
Then she followed him out o'er the misty leas.

Her sheep followed her, as their tails did them,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese;*)
And this song is considered a perfect gem;
And as to the meaning, it's what you please.

☞ "People," says a modern philosopher, "go according to their brains; if these lie in their head, they study; if in their belly, they eat; if in their heels, they dance."

AGRICULTURAL.

Concentrated Manure.

Mr. D. Lee has the following to say on this interesting subject in the Rural New-Yorker:—

In an essay by Dr. James R. Nichols, published in the Agriculture of Massachusetts for 1868, he remarks:—"A pound of good, thoroughly formed peat, taken fresh from a meadow upon my farm, lost of water in drying a little more than fourteen ounces. A farmer drawing from his meadow a cord of peat weighing 4,000 pounds has upon his wagon 3,500 pounds of water, and but 500 pounds of the dry material he seeks. This, dried and compressed, could be placed in a couple of our largest-sized farm-baskets."

This concentration would add largely to the value of peat as an absorbent of watery stable droppings. By *drying* peat, decaying forest leaves or straw, after repeated saturations with cattle urine, the fertilizing salts contained therein would be highly concentrated. The water in stable manure is not worth hauling and spreading on our fields: and it should be evaporated. Use well-dried peat, leaves, or straw for absorbing urine or other liquid manure. Then dry out the water and use the same bedding repeatedly till filled with agricultural salts, which are worth as much, pound for pound, as Peruvian guano. Why should this imported manure sell freely at seventy-five dollars a ton while the farmers' home-made stuff will not bring one-twentieth part as much? The owners and cultivators of the soil have been manufacturing plant-food for home use for indefinite centuries without any sensible progress or improvement in the business. In a report made to the Legislature of New York in 1843, I called public attention to the prodigious loss of honest farm-labor, literally thrown away by its misapplication. Many thought that my remarks were unjust. But now, after the lapse of over a quarter of a century, a high Massachusetts authority tells us that in one hundred parts of common farm manure, in that educated and wealthy state, there are ninety of water and worthless sand!

Fall Manuring.

Another valuable use of manure at this season, is its application to grass, to be turned under in spring for corn. If spread now, carefully and evenly, the liquid or soluble portions are carried down along the fibres of the grass and intimately diffused through the upper soil. If the application is made early, the effect is greater, as the diffusion into the soil is not only more perfect, but the growth of grass (or if clover, still better) will add to the fertility. But even now, or during the first half of winter, manure is worth far more than if left for spring application, when there is not time enough for it to become diffused, and when likewise the ground is packed and hardened by drawing heavy loads over it. We have sometimes observed a difference of twenty bushels of corn per acre in favor of the fall spreading of manure, as compared to spring application, when applied to soil in both instances. It is only when spring manure is very finely broken by repeated harrowing, that it proves of much immediate value.—*Country Gentleman.*

Winter Wheat Growing.

We have the testimony of several parties that the sowing of oats with winter wheat protects it from the effects of hard freezing, etc. The oats growing more rapidly than the wheat, and being killed by the first heavy frosts, it falls around the stalks of wheat and forms a protection against freezing in the winter and the alternate freezing and thawing process which occurs in the spring. It may be termed mulching the wheat with oat stalks. Those who have tried it, we are told, have never failed to raise a crop of winter wheat while adopting this mode. Our farmer readers should try this plan, at least on an acre or so, and until they have an opportunity of doing so they would do well to lay this item aside for further reference. If any of our readers have any knowledge of the plan mentioned ever having been tried, we would be pleased to hear from them as to the results.—*Iowa Homestead.*

Eggs.

Geyelin says:—It has been ascertained that the ovarium of a fowl is composed of six hundred ovula or eggs; therefore a hen, during the whole of her life, cannot possibly lay more than six hundred, which in a natural course are distributed over nine years in the following proportion:—

First year after birth,	-	-	15 to	20
Second " "	-	-	100 "	120
Third " "	-	-	150 "	175
Fourth " "	-	-	100 "	115
Fifth " "	-	-	60 "	80
Sixth " "	-	-	50 "	60
Seventh " "	-	-	35 "	40
Eighth " "	-	-	15 "	20
Ninth " "	-	-	1 "	10

DO NOT WHITEWASH TREES.—We lately saw a beautiful apple orchard on Martha's Vineyard all whitewashed. We were sorry to see it. Do not whitewash trees. Apply white wash to fences and houses, but use something more appropriate on the trees. Strong soft soap-suds would be far more effective and appropriate. Suppose you were covered from head to foot with a coating of whitewash. Do you not suppose it would stop the insensible perspiration? Spread ashes freely about the trunks and under the trees. Do anything but whitewash.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

RECEIPTS.

TO KEEP GAME.—If there be any danger of birds not keeping, pick and draw them, wash them well in water and rub them with salt. Plunge them singly into a large saucepan of boiling water, draw them up and down by the legs to let the water pass through them. After they have been in the water for five minutes hang them up to dry in a cold place, sprinkle them with pepper, and salt well inside. Before dressing them they must be again washed. By this means the most delicate birds may be preserved, with the exception of those which live by suction, as they are never drawn; but they may be kept a long time by putting lumps of charcoal, or placing a small quantity of mould in muslin bags in their insides.

AN EXCELLENT SOUP.—Make a broth of a knuckle of veal or shin of beef. This is best made the day before wanted, that the fat may be removed from it.

Take six large onions, six large carrots, four large turnips, three roots of celery, or less would answer, a sweet potato or piece of pumpkin, a lump of sugar half the size of an egg, and a bunch of pot-herbs. Grate the carrots, slice the onions, and cut the other vegetables into very small pieces.

Put into a stewpan a half pound of butter, set it on the fire and let it melt; put into this the onions, let them fry a little without burning, then put in the rest of the vegetables and other ingredients, moistening them with either warm water or broth to prevent their burning; add a little salt and Cayenne pepper; cook till the vegetables are soft, pass them through a seive and add to them the broth previously made till the soup is about the consistency of very thick cream. Give all a boil up together. After taking it off the fire, two tablespoonsful of cream may be added.

This is a most excellent soup. It may be made entirely a vegetable soup by adding to the vegetables boiling water instead of broth.

BAKED PUMPKIN—NOT IN PIES.—The Northwestern Farmer thus sings the praises, and at the same time communicates information about the baking of pumpkins, an institution not to be despised or treated lightly:

"To be baked well, it needs not only to be baked done, but a continuation of gentle heat long enough to evaporate its juices, leaving all its sugary sweets just right to tempt the palate. Unlike the potato it is not best done baked quick, and no longer than until done, but it is far better for being dried after baking. We luxuriate now-a days on baked Hubbards and Honolulus, cut in thin strips and baked as above. We find it a saving to the flour barrel, and sugar can, too, for bread and cake have little call."

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 4, 6, 8, is a domestic animal.
My 11, 8, 12, 9, 6, is a village in northern Ohio.
My 4, 2, 6, 9, 15, is a water fowl.
My 6, 15, 8, is an insect.
My 12, 13, 6, is a metal.
My 1, 3, 1, 4, 14, 5, 10, is raised by farmers.
My 7, 4, 14, 12, 8, is the name of a poet.
My 4, 14, 5, 6, is a girl's name.
My 14, 7, 7, 9, 11, 15, is the name of an author.
My whole is the title of a poem written by Young. A. KELLEY.
Attica, Ohio.

Riddle.

An art which was brought from the Isles of Japan;
Aaron's son—you may tell me his name if you can;
A word we employ when we speak of the ocean;
What armies do when no longer in motion;
A very small adverb which rhymes well to "Bo!"
A name for combed flax, which would rhyme that, I know;
A great Saxon king, who at Hastings was slain;
Something which people do when they cannot explain;
A fish which some folks greatly relish at dinner;
A kind of a demon—a mischievous sinner;
A merry Scotch dance which every one knows;
A fierce and hot wind, which in the East blows;
A species of shield, which must my rhyme close.

Join the initials—you'll certainly find
The name of an English king thereby defined;
Then I think if the *finals* are neatly united,
A *Plot* will appear which that monarch affrighted. E. C. C.

Probability Problem.

Four points are taken at random, one on each side of a square. What is the probability that the quadrilateral formed by joining them will be less than ½ of the square?
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A and B set out on a journey from a town C to D, lying directly to the east; first A travels towards D at the rate of 3 miles an hour for 12 hours, and B travels due north at the rate of 4 miles an hour for the same length of time; after which they proceed on their journey directly towards D, A travelling 9 miles while B travels 17, and both arrive at their journeys' end at the same time. Required—the whole distance travelled by each. E. P. NORTON.
Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

How many rails, 12 feet long, will it take to enclose a field of 10¼ acres, whose length and breadth are in the proportion of 5 to 2; the fence being five rails high?

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the most difficult river on which to get a boat? Ans.—Arno, because there Arno boats there.

☞ What letters of the alphabet are like a threadbare coat? Ans.—Those that are C D (seedy.)

☞ Which poem of Sir Walter Scott does the cackling hen remind you of? Ans.—The lay of the Last Minstrel.

☞ Which is the wickedest portion of America? Why, Sin-sin-naughty, to be sure.

☞ Why is a colored arithmetician like a snake? Ans.—Because he is a black adder.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—
"The world's most loyal heritage is his
Who most enjoys, most loves, and most forgives."
ENIGMA—Sport. (Port.)

Answers to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Sept. 11th.—1, 3, 9, 27—W. H. Morrow, J. N. Soders, J. S. Phebus. 4, 8, 16, 32—W. J. Barrett.

Answers to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM of same date.—153, 120 and 231 perches—D. Diefenbach, J. N. Soders. 120, 153 and 195—W. J. Barrett. 120, 153 and 231 perches—J. S. Phebus.

Answers to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Sept. 18th.—2 miles—W. H. Morrow. 4 2-7 miles—J. N. Soders, Chas. A. Webb, W. J. Barrett. 4.2857142 miles—J. S. Phebus.

Answer to Dividing PROBLEM by X. of same date.—93129—D. Diefenbach, J. N. Soders, W. J. Barrett.

Answers to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of September 25th.—B gained $54, C received $665.28; there were 10,000 barrels in the lot—W. H. Morrow, W. J. Barrett, J. S. Phebus. B gained $5.40, C's cost $59.40—Charles A. Webb. C received $11.528, B's gain, $54. Number of barrels, 10,000—James Houston.

Answers to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM of same date.—15.7677684 inches—D. Diefenbach, J. N. Soders. 15.755690—J. S. Phebus.

Answer to Augustus's PROBLEM of same date—24.86463852 perches nearly—Augustus, J. N. Soders.

APPLE CUSTARD PIE—THE NICEST PIE EVER EATEN.—Peel sour apples and stew until soft and not much water left in them; then rub them through a cullender; beat three eggs for each pie to be baked, and put in at the rate of one cup of butter and one of sugar for three pies; season with nutmeg. One egg for each pie will do very well, but the amount of sugar must be governed somewhat by the acidity of the apples. Bake as pumpkin pies, which they resemble in appearance. Dried apples are very nice by making them a little more juicy. You can frost them, and return them to the oven for a few moments, which will improve their appearance.

THE following receipt will furnish an excellent pomade at a moderate cost: Two ounces of castor-oil, 3 ounces of best olive-oil, 1 ounce of spermaceti. Dissolve the spermaceti in an earthen jar or pipkin over a slow fire; then add the castor and olive oils. When nearly cold, stir in a small quantity of bergamot, with a few drops of oil of cloves, cinnamon, and almond mixed.